THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2049.

COMING HOME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Thro' the shadows late,
Wave the willow-fingers—
Close beside the gate
A little figure lingers;
Eyes in shadow thrown
By the silken bonnet—
Golden hair out-blown,
With the moonlight on it.

Sure the winds that throng
From the woodlands pleasant—
Have a sweeter song,
Now the maid is present;
And the merry stars
Brighter strew their Aiden,
Now that 'gainst the bars,
Leans the dreamy maiden!

Hark! the well-known tread,
Where the cedars darkle—
Paley cheeks grow red,
Eyes bring back their sparkle—
Down the misty lane,
Cottage lights are burning—
Night! thy gloom is vain,
In such home-returning!

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

NECROMANCY.

Necromancy, or the practice of pretending to raise the dead, is a very old and widespread delusion, and those who are either themselves deceived, or are willing to deceive others, venture to point to the instance of Samuel and the Witch of Endor recorded in Holy Writ. As this is the only instance mentioned in Scripture of the spirit of the dead being really or apparently raised by a necromancer, it is no wonder that it should be so often cited by those who would delude the credulous by their cunning and deceitful practice. As the case, however, is so frequently adduced, it would be inconsistent to pass it over in silence. The fact is, the account of the raising of Samuel has nothing in common with necromancy. It forms part of the history of God's miraculous dealings with his ancient people, which should not be confounded with the ordinary arrangements of Providence.

When Saul, King of Israel, was on the eve of a battle with the Philistines, and was under the terrible conviction that God had deserted him, he sought out a woman having a familiar spirit, and induced her to exercise the rites of necromancy to raise up the deceased prophet Samuel, so that the king might learn from him what should happen on the morrow. The inspired narrative relates that the woman saw Samuel, "an old man covered with a mantle," and that "Saul perceived that it was Samuel."

Much discussion has arisen among divines as to whether the appearance of Samuel was real, or an imposition on the credulity of Saul. Leaving this question to be settled by them, we undoubtedly learn from the story the fact that a belief in necromancy prevailed at a very early period, and that it was thought possible to raise the dead. This opinion has universally prevailed, and held powerful possession of the human mind. The desire to look into the mysteries of the world beyond the grave is very strong; and to attempt to conjure up the spirits of the dead by the ghastly and abhorrent means of the ancient necromancer, or the simple and comparatively inoffensive method of the modern spiritualist, has doubtless its temptations for the curious inquirer.

The argument of the ancient necromancers concerning the souls of the dead was, that although separated from their bodies, they still cherished an affection for them, and they pretended that they were allured by anything having affinity to these bodies.

The necromancers professed to have two methods of conjuring up the dead: 1. *Raising the dead body*, which they said was not to be done without blood; 2. *Sciomancy*, in which only *an apparition of the deceased* was supposed to be called up.

The crafty professors of the black art took care to surround their proceedings with all that was calculated to terrify their poor dupes into a belief of their idle pretences. A circle of skulls, a grotesque habit, an unintelligible jargon of words, supposed to be an exorcism, the place, the hour, all tended to impress the minds of the credulous and ignorant with supernatural awe, and rendered them less capable of detecting fraud.

It may not be uninteresting to say something about the means used by exorcists who professed to raise up spirits in the magic circle.

First of all, it was necessary to know something of the antecedents of the spirit, under the influence of what planet it existed, &c., &c. Next, to seek out a convenient place proper for the invocation, according to the nature of the planet, and the quality of the offices of the same. After which judicious selection, a circle should be drawn, for the defence of the exorcist—in this circle certain significant names should be written. Lights, perfumes, unguents, and medicines, compounded according to the nature of the spirit, were likewise provided. Added to these were consecrated papers, pictures, pentacles, swords, sceptres, and garments of proper color and material; and certain solemn forms of prayer for the consecration of the circle, and every part of the magical apparatus. After which, the exorcist, safe inside the circle, was to summon the spirit in a gentle and persuasive manner; and he (the operator) not having the least idea where the spirit was likely to be, was to summon him from all the borders of the earth. He was then to look round to see if the spirit had put in an appearance, which, if it had not done, occasioned him the trouble of repeating his invocation three times. If the imaginary spirit would not appear, the invocation was changed for a conjuration, and it was summoned to appear, and threatened with dreadful penalties for refusal. If the spirit then appeared, (or the exorcist chose to say so), it was courteously received, its name asked, and written down on the holy paper, together with all other particulars required. If any doubt was entertained of the veracity of the spirit, the instructions were to "make without the circle with the consecrated sword, the figure of a triangle or a pentagon, and compel the spirit to enter into it; and if you receive any promise which you would have confirmed with an oath, stick the sword out of the circle, and swear the spirit by laying his hand on the sword." The exorcists, however, acknowledge that they are sometimes unable to raise their spirits; but, dejected as they may be by this circumstance, they never omit to courteously dismiss the absent ghost. When this is omitted, "instances have been known," says a writer of the present century, "of the operator experiencing sudden death."

In this pretended raising of the shadows of the dead, the writer just quoted informs us we are to perfume with blood, bones, flesh, eggs, milk, honey, and oil, to furnish the soul with a medium. The places of invocation most fitting for the purpose are churchyards, or places of execution, or the scene of some atrocious crime.

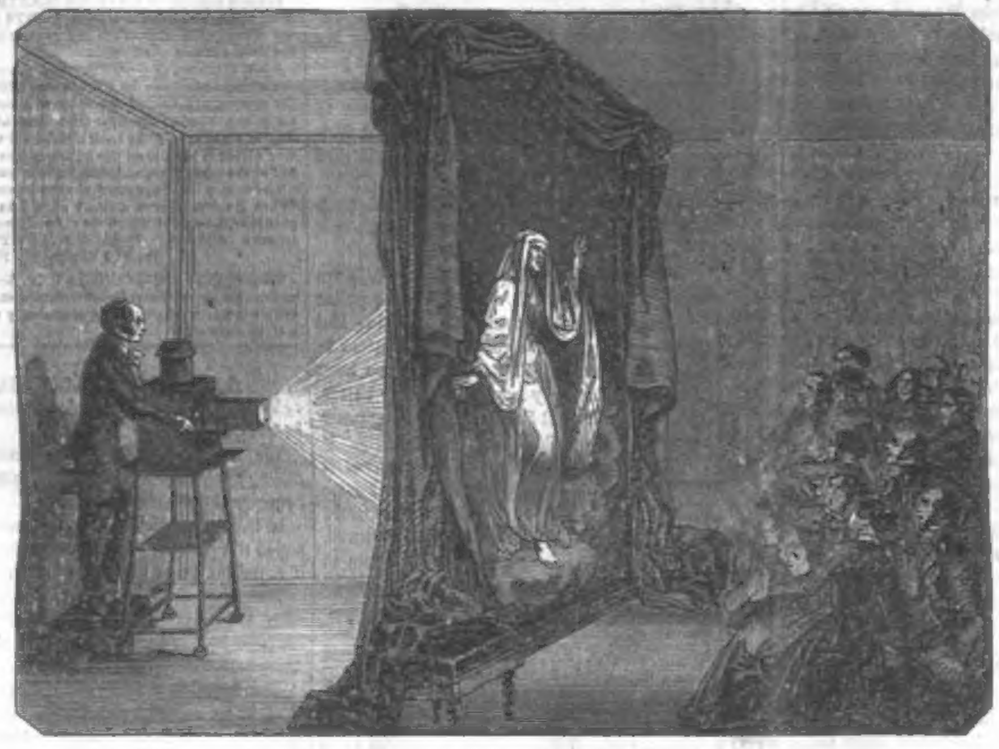
We have collected their "*instructions*," in order to show how much pains were taken by the professional exorcists to deceive those who consulted them. Absurd and ridiculous as were these ceremonial rites, they were very likely to make a deep impression on the weak-minded or uninitiated observer. Nothing could be easier than for the exorcist to declare he saw the ghost; it was not deemed necessary that the inquirer should, in all cases see the ghost for himself; but some of the necromancers carried their illusions so far as to allow their dupes to see an apparent apparition!

The most famous necromancer of modern time was Robertson, a physician, who, during the first French Revolution, undertook to raise the shadows of the dead, and frightened half Paris out of its already disordered wits. He invited, by public advertisement, the attendance of those who felt interested in his investigations—and on the evening of the day appointed about sixty persons assembled, and precisely at the hour named, Robertson, a thin, pale, cadaverous-looking man, appeared before them, and coolly proceeded to put out nearly all the candles. An eye-witness, evidently the dupe of the necromancer's trick, described what occurred. Robertson said:—"Citizen, I am not one of those adventurers, those impudent charlatans, who promise, in the daily papers, what they are incapable of performing. I have undertaken to raise the dead, and am prepared to do so. Those of the company who desire to behold the apparition of those of their deceased relatives who were dear to them in life, will be kind enough to signify their wish, and I am ready to obey their command."

There was an interval of silence, when suddenly a wild-looking fellow, with bloodshot eyes and disordered locks, called out, "Let us see the ghost of Marat!" Robertson then took two phials of blood, a bottle of vitriol, and poured their contents, with twelve drops of aquafortis, on two copies of the "Journal des Hommes Libres," which he burnt. Gradually, as these were consumed, there arose a hideous little phantom, armed with a poignard, and wearing the red cap. The man with disordered locks and bloodshot eyes, shrieked out a greeting to the ghost, and attempted to rush towards him, but with a ghastly leer the apparition disappeared.

The sensation among the witnesses of this singular effect was that of intense curiosity, not unmingled with fear; and when a young man rose up and begged to behold the apparition of his affianced bride—snatched from him by the cruel grasp of death—the feelings of the spectators were touched, and they fully sympathised with the mourner's desire. The magician went through his incantations, and up rose a female form, having an expression of extreme affection; its eyes were directed to the young man, who, with a cry of anguish, imagined he recognized his beloved.

The success which attended these efforts of the necromancer, spread his reputation all over Paris, and when it was announced that he would exhibit his mysterious art in the old Convent of the Capuchins, the public excitement amounted to frenzy. Large prices were asked for seats, and those who could obtain them at any price were regarded as fortunate. All the accessories of the mysteries of the black art were added to the attraction of the performer. In the old chapel, surrounded by the monuments and graves of the dead—with funeral emblems, sombre draperies, sepulchral lamps, hieroglyphic characters, and emblematic pictures—the wizard pretended to raise up ghosts "per order;" widows supposed they saw their husbands, orphans their parents, bereaved parents their children. Sometimes the figures approached close to the spectators, sometimes retired to a distance, sometimes smiled, and at others wore an expression of calm resignation; sometimes the apparitions were heralded by thunder claps, sometimes they were accompanied by soft music, and they invariably came through a black curtain at the further end of the hall. The excitement became intense, and the greater the excitement the better things became for the pocket and popularity of the wizard. But France had sterner work to do than that of necromancy, and was fast making more ghosts than she raised, so the delusion vanished, and people saw both sides of the wizard's curtain, and found that a superior description of magic lantern had enlisted their credulity, and led them to mistake painted shadows for beings of another world. The means adopted by Robertson to carry out his deception, we shall explain in a future number.



ROBERTSON'S APPARATUS FOR RAISING AN IMAGINARY GHOST.

☞ AVARICE.—"If a man had *two* rivers of gold, he would still desire a third; and if he had *three* rivers of gold, he would still desire a fourth to be added unto them; neither can anything be found sufficient to satisfy the stomach of a son of Adam."—*Koran*.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DENEBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEAD IN LIFE.

In the invalid's room—for so they called that at the Sailor's Rest, tenanted by the stranger, Mr. Home—there was great bustle. Ravensbird was in attendance, his wife also, Dr. Green was there; all gathered round Mr. Home, who lay on the sofa, very, very ill. Ailing from the first, he had now been taken alarmingly worse, and the physician gave little hopes that he would recover.

"Tell me how long you think I shall last," said Mr. Home to him. "I do not fear death; but if I am near it, I must settle many things."

"Of immediate death, hourly death, there is no danger," was the reply, "and I think you will rally yet. But I do fear your life will not be much prolonged."

"That is, I may rally so as to last a few days? Speak out."

"Yes," said the physician, reluctantly.

"Then the sooner Apperly is brought to me, the better," was the invalid's answer. "Do you hear, Ravensbird?"

Dr. Green shook hands with his patient, and went out. Mr. Home spoke again, anxiety in his tone. His voice was as energetic as it had ever been, his intellect as keen.

"Ravensbird, there's no time to be lost. Send for Apperly."

"Immediately, my lord," was the man's answer.

But, it so happened, that as Dr. Green left the Sailor's Rest, he was overtaken by the group who had emerged from Danesheld Hall. Apperly was among them; and Inspector Young walked by the side of Lydney. Dr. Green informed Apperly that he was wanted at the Sailor's Rest in his professional capacity, and the latter went in at once, and proceeded to the door of the sick chamber.

"I am told the old gentleman wants me, who is lying here," quoth he to Sophie, who came out to him.

"Yes, he is very ill," answered Sophie. "But you need not call him old, Mr. Apperly: he is not as old as you are. You can go in."

She held the door open for him, quitting the room herself. Mr. Apperly advanced to the couch, near which stood Ravensbird.

"I am sorry to hear you are seriously ill, sir," he began. "Mr. Home, I believe."

The invalid turned his head towards him. His high features, somewhat attenuated now by suffering, his keen eyes, and his white hair. A handsome man still. Mr. Apperly gazed at him, and then backed a few paces, astonishment, mingled with terror, on his countenance.

"Good heavens!" he uttered, as he wiped his brow. "It—it—can it be? It *is* Captain Dane! come to life again."

"No, sir," rejoined the invalid, very sharply for one so ill, "it is not Captain Dane. I am Lord Dane. And so I have been, ever since my father's death."

The lawyer looked bewildered. He turned from the sick man to Ravensbird, from Ravensbird to the sick man.

"Is it not a dream?" he gasped.

"It is not a dream," said Ravensbird. "It is my old master, sure enough; my lord now. I have been proud to know it ever since the day after the shipwreck."

"Why you—you—are supposed to be lying in the Danesheld vaults, sir—my lord. Goodness help me!" broke off Apperly in his former hot fashion: "if you are in truth Lord Dane, who is he—the other Lord Dane at the castle?"

"If I am in truth Lord Dane!" retorted the invalid. "What do you mean, Apperly? I am my father's son."

"Yes, yes, of course; but these sudden changes confuse me, my lord. Who is he at the castle, I say? I can't collect my senses."

"I should think you can't," was the reply of the true Lord Dane. "He is an usurper: not an intentional one; we must give him that due. He is plain Mr. Herbert Dane, and never has been anything else, though he has revelled in all the rights of a peer for these ten years."

"It will take me—it will take me a week to get over this; a week before I can comprehend it," ejaculated Apperly. "Were you really not killed, my lord?"

"If I was killed I came to life again," said Lord Dane, intending the words as a joke. "The fall over the cliff took away my senses for a time, and otherwise injured me: but I recovered. A moment yet, Apperly: there will be some work for the lawyers between me and the false Lord Dane: which side do you enlist upon?"

"Yours, my lord, certainly; yours by all means."

"Then I retain you as my adviser, and I will tell you my tale. But I should wish somebody else to be present. Ravensbird, where's Mr. William?"

"He has not been in, my lord, since he went this morning to Danesheld Hall."

"Did he go to Danesheld Hall?" asked Lord Dane.

"Yes," was Ravensbird's answer. "Squire Lester sent for him."

"And a pretty kettle of fish he has got himself into, if you mean the young man lodging here, William Lydney," put in the lawyer. "He is taken into custody on remand. Young has just walked him off to the station-house."

"Walked Mr. Lydney off to the station-house!" uttered Ravensbird, while Lord Dane stared in unqualified astonishment.

"A shocking scapegrace I'm afraid, gentlemanly as he looks," explained Mr. Apperly. "Reports have been abroad, connecting him with the poachers, for some time; but he has got himself into real trouble now. He and three more, with blackened faces, broke into the Hall last night, for robbery no doubt, but that they were disturbed. Lydney is the only one of the lot taken as yet."

"How dare you so traduce him, and in my presence?" cried Lord Dane, his eyes flashing wrath. "You don't know what you are saying, Apperly. Are you aware who he is?"

"Not I, my lord. I know nothing of him, except that his name's Lydney; or he says it is. Danesheld looks upon him as an adventurer."

"He will be Danesheld's chieftain, sir; I can tell you that," returned his lordship with emotion. "Ay, you may stare, but he will. He is my own lawful son, and will be my Lord Dane before many days are over, for I shan't last longer."

"Why, it is mystery upon mystery!" exclaimed Mr. Apperly, who certainly did stare, in no measured degree. "He goes by the name of Lydney."

"He is my own son, I tell you, the Honorable Geoffry William Lydney Dane. Geoffry is his first name, but we have always called him William: my wife, a lady of French extraction, used to say her lips would not pronounce the Geoffry. And you assert that he is in custody?"

"He is in custody beyond dispute, for I made out myself the warrant for his committal," was the answer of Mr. Apperly. And he forthwith proceeded to give Lord Dane a summary of the circumstances, so far as he knew them: dwelling on the fact that Mr. Lydney did not deny having been in the house, as testified to by Tiffie.

"One thing is certain," said Lord Dane, "that William is incapable of a mean or dishonorable action. If he was in Lester's house, he was there for some good and legitimate purpose, and so it will turn out; not for a bad one. Pshaw, sir! speak of housebreaking in connection with William Dane, a future peer of England! I will stake the rest of my poor life that Herbert Dane—my lord, as you all call him—is at the bottom of these rumors against him. I do not suppose he suspects who William is; but I think it likely that he fears I am alive, and goes upon thorns, lest I should turn up."

"My lord, may I ask why you did not assume your rank and your rights when you first returned?" said Apperly. "Why you have lain on here in obscurity, suffering Lord Dane—Mr. Herbert, I should say—to continue in his honors?"

"All in good time," replied Lord Dane. "I have had my reasons. You know that box that so much has been said about?"

"Well, my lord?"

"I must get that into my possession, if I can, before I alarm Mr. Herbert Dane. I would almost barter my boy's future title to have it safely by my side now. Apperly," continued Lord Dane, after a pause, given to reflection, "it has been in my mind some time to have a detective officer down. Keen men are those London detectives; they ferret out everything; and perhaps by those means I may arrive at the box. I was only waiting for my health to get better; but it has got worse instead. You shall telegraph for one this day."

"A London detective is at present in Danesheld, at the castle," replied Mr. Apperly. "His name is Blair, and he passes as Lord Dane's banker; business brought me in contact with him some time ago, and of course I recognized him, but he gave me a hint that he was here incog. He might suit your lordship's purpose as well as another."

"Not if he be a friend of Lord Dane's—as you persist in calling him."

"I beg the true Lord Dane's pardon," smiled Mr. Apperly; "but we have called Mr. Herbert Lord Dane so long, that we must call him, so I fear, by many another slip of the tongue. I could ascertain by two words to Blair himself, whether he is at liberty to give his energies to your cause."

"Then go and do so at once," was the command. "Let him understand that he will have to act *against* the present Lord Dane of the castle, but do not mention me otherwise than as Mr. Home. When Dr. Green was called in to me—I could not send for Wild, because he would have known me—he asked my name. I replied 'Mr. Home,' for I was thinking of my own home at the moment, and the word did as well as any other. If this Blair will assist, bring him back with you, for it is high time to act, and the plot is thickening. The Heir of Dane in custody for felony! Do you hear it, Ravensbird."

As Mr. Apperly walked towards the castle, not knowing where else to look for the detective, it occurred to him that he was not bent upon altogether an honorable errand. To seek Mr. Blair in his host's residence, purposely to ask him to act against that host, was certainly not altogether clear steering; but lawyers are thick skinned, most of them, and so was Mr. Apperly. It happened, however, that he had not to seek Mr. Blair at the castle, for he met the latter walking from it.

"I was going in search of you," began Mr. Apperly. "A gentleman down here has need of the services of a detective officer. Could you act for him?"

"Yes. For the business that brought me down, is so far over, that I am no longer needed, and have now quitted the castle. What is it?"

"I must premise that you will have to act against Lord Dane, though in what manner I do not precisely understand myself. Will your private feelings allow you to do so?"

"An officer must have no private feelings," was Mr. Blair's reply. "Lord Dane demanded a detective from town, and I was sent down. My business with him is concluded; and if I am required by another party, I have neither plea nor wish for refusing, whether my services may be put in requisition against Lord Dane, or against any other lord. Does it relate to this business of breaking into the Hall? which I confess I cannot fathom. At least, Lydney's share in it."

"In a manner it does. And I can fathom it as little as you."

"I fancied so. I thought Squire Lester might be calling upon me for aid."

"I am not the agent of Squire Lester," replied the lawyer, as he took Mr. Blair to the Sailor's Rest.

Lord Dane was then off the sofa, pacing the room by the help of Ravensbird's arm. The complaint that he labored under was an inward one, telling little upon his general appearance and his apparent health.

"This is Mr. Blair, my lord," said lawyer Apperly.

"Sir," said the peer, stopping in his walk, and facing him, "I have need of advice and assistance. I have been wronged by Herbert Dane, Lord Dane, as he is called, whom I hear you have been visiting. Can you aid me?"

"I have no doubt I can," was Mr. Blair's reply; "at least I can inform you whether anything can be done, if you will put me in possession of the circumstances."

"Very good. But before I enter upon my tale, which is a long one, allow me to inform you that I am Lord Dane."

The detective gave a sort of cough, impressed with the sudden belief that the gentleman before him was laboring under a mania, and wanted a keeper, rather than a police officer. His eye glanced at Mr. Apperly.

"His lordship says right," observed the latter. "He is the true Lord Dane."

"The true, veritable William Henry, Lord Dane, only surviving son of the old Lord Dane, of whom you may have heard," continued the peer. "You look astonished, Mr. Blair; I thought police officers were surprised at nothing."

"The present lord has enjoyed the honors so long," remarked Mr. Blair, recovering himself; "he is not like one who succeeded yesterday. Sir Richard Mayne himself would be surprised at this."

"I daresay he will be, when he hears of it," returned Lord Dane. "And now for my story; when you will learn how it happens that he has enjoyed them."

Lord Dane seated himself on the sofa, Ravensbird disposing the pillows for his support, and then taking his stand by his side, while the lawyer and the detective occupied chairs opposite, and Lord Dane began:

"You may probably have heard, Mr. Detective, that Captain the Honorable William Henry Dane, as I was then, went over the cliff, one moonlight night, by accident or by treachery, and lost his life; that his body was turned up by the sea some weeks afterwards, and buried in the family vault."

"I have heard this," replied Mr. Blair. "Bruff, the butler at the castle, a sociable spirit if encouraged, has been fond of visiting my room since my sojourn there, and entertaining me with various items of the family's history. All in good faith; he is proud to tell laudatory tales of the Danes."

"I had been staying at home for some time," proceeded Lord Dane, "and was engaged to my mother's niece and ward, Lady Adelaide Errol. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Blair, for you may have lost your head for a woman yourself, that I was madly and blindly in love with her; fascinated by her beauty. I say blindly; had I not been blind, I might have seen that her love was given to another. This was the man to enlighten me"—touching Ravensbird's arm—"he came to me in my chamber one morning, in his true regard for my welfare and honor, and warned me that Lady Adelaide was deceiving me; that she loved my cousin, Mr. Herbert Dane, and that he returned her love. When he went on to say that they met almost nightly in the ruins of the chapel—you know them; on the edge of the cliff—met for their lover's endearments, their confidential converse, their ridicule and deceit of me—then my passion broke forth, and I kicked him, Ravensbird, my faithful friend and servant, down the stairs, discharging him on the spot. In my blind infatuation for Lady Adelaide, I thought he was but traducing her, and I visited it upon him. What made me more angry than anything, was the accusation that she stole out at night to visit the ruins and meet her lover, my childlike gentle Adelaide!"

"Danesheld never could come at the cause of quarrel between you and Ravensbird," put in Mr. Apperly, but Lord Dane went on.

"A friend of mine, Colonel Moncton, had his yacht in the harbor. I had dined with him on board the previous evening, and on this morning he came up to call at the castle. I walked out with him afterwards, and was showing him the locality. We went into the ruins, and there I picked up a small bow of pink ribbon, whose centre was a pearl, which I knew Lady Adelaide had worn on the front of her dress the previous evening, for I had seen her dressed for dinner before I went down to the yacht. All in an instant it flashed upon me that Ravensbird had told me truth—for, unless she had visited the ruins the previous night, the bow could not have come there. My blood was boiling over; and I determined that not a day should pass, before I had it out. I met Herbert Dane, and told him I should step into his house to smoke a cigar that evening; intending in my own mind to tax him with the treachery."

"He said he was expecting you," again interrupted Mr. Apperly. "And we found him at home waiting for you, after your fall from the cliff."

"Not *waiting* for me," significantly returned Lord Dane. "Evening came. I had promised Moncton to dine on board, and say farewell, for the yacht was to sail with the tide. I did not go. I had brooded over my wrongs all the afternoon, and felt in no fit state even for Moncton's society, and I dined at home, with Lord and Lady Dane, and Adelaide; we had no guests that evening. After dinner I took my way to the ruins, resolved to watch the meeting between them, should there be one. I felt half mad to think that I had been so gulled; to know that Adelaide had but tampered with me; to feel that her love was another's. Inside the ruins I waited, and presently I saw Herbert Dane come stealing over the grass, keeping as much in the shade as he could, for I think the moon was never brighter. Cautiously he came up, came inside, and all but touched me, as I stood close to one of the apertures. Whether he heard my breathing, whether I made any movement, I don't know, but he evidently became aware that some one was there. He took it to be her for whom he waited; 'Adelaide, my dearest, is it you?' he whispered—and the words unnerved me. In my passionate rage I seized hold of him and shook him; I reproached him with his base treachery; I told him he should fight me on the next day. He retorted; and, quarrelling vehemently, we made our way outside the ruins, close to the edge of the cliff. There it came to a struggle, and there I saw Lady Adelaide, who must have come up meanwhile, quickly step out of the ruins, and gaze at us. In the same moment, we got on the edge, and I lost my footing and fell—"

"Then it was Herbert Dane who flung you over?" eagerly inquired Mr. Apperly in his eagerness. "We have never known whom to suspect."

"It was Herbert Dane. I do not think it was purposely done. He was trying to fling me to the ground, but not over the cliff; I was trying to fling him, and I lost my footing I say, and fell. In the instant of the fall my ear caught Lady Adelaide's shrill scream."

"She ran screaming back to the castle half dead with terror," exclaimed Mr. Apperly, whose mercurial temperament could not be still. "But she did not recognize either you or Herbert Dane."

"She recognized us both," returned Lord Dane; "it is absurd to suppose otherwise. It was light as day, I say. I know that she denied it; I have talked it all over with Ravensbird, over and over again since I lay here, and I say that Lady Adelaide must have recognized us. Love for Herbert Dane may have kept her silent; or fear lest her own name should be brought in did she betray that it was with him I struggled. I hear that, after this, she refused to continue her friendship with Herbert Dane. I am glad she had so much grace."

"She may have looked upon him as a murderer in intention as well as in actuality. Most persons thought the murderer was a packman."

"Oh, that packman was nothing," said Lord Dane. "As I was crossing the heights to the ruins some fellow accosted me, opened a small box or tray of wares, and importuned me to buy. I refused, harshly enough, I dare say, for I was in no mood of suavity, and the fellow grew loud and insulting. I promised him if he did not be off I would call forth the servants from my father's castle to convey him and his pack to the lock-up, and away he hurried."

"And how were you rescued after the fall?" again began Mr. Apperly, while the detective sat perfectly silent, as he had done from the first.

"By one of those interpositions of Providence that no doubt come direct from Heaven," solemnly repeated Lord Dane. "Moncton, disappointed of seeing me on board, anxious to bid me farewell, caused his yacht to heave-to, when she was abreast of the castle, put off in the boat, with a hand, and came to the very spot where I was lying, intending to seek me at the castle. Now, mark you, he was not well acquainted with the coast, and he mistook this small spot of beach for the larger one above, where steps wind up the cliff; what do you call that but Providence? He found me lying there insensible; he thought dead: and he found that there was no road to the heights from that place. He put me in the boat with the help of the sailor, and they pulled back to the yacht. I revived. I was very much bruised and hurt, but no bones were broken. They had a surgeon on board, a young man who had come with them from the States for what he called a spree. Moncton was for putting the yacht back to port, but I—smarting under the infamous deceit of Lady Adelaide—preferred to go on with him on the voyage. I did not care if England never saw me again, and the further I was away from it the better. The yacht touched here and touched there, reaching the States at last, long before I was well; in fact this complaint that I am dying from was no doubt induced by that fall. I ought to have written to them at home, at least to tell them that I was in the land of the living, but I put it off and put it off, and the next thing that overtook me was a fever; a long, nervous fever, rendering me incapable in mind and in body. When I was sufficiently well to hear the news, Moncton informed me of the death of my mother; he had seen it in the papers many weeks back; had kept them, now put them into my hand. 'I must write to my father now,' I said to him, but that very same day fresh newspapers came in, bringing accounts of the death of Lord Dane."

"Ah! they were not long apart," said Mr. Apperly. "My lord went off quite sudden at the last, and never signed his will. Mr. Herbert succeeded then."

"Yes, Herbert succeeded," replied Lord Dane, with emotion, "but I never suspected that he did. I saw mentioned occasionally in the English journals 'Geoffry, Lord Dane,' and it never occurred to me that it was other than my brother Geoffry, the direct heir. Had I known it was Herbert, and that I myself was the true Lord Dane, the first and fastest steamer would have brought me over. I had not been friendly with my brother Geoffry; he was overbearing and tyrannical, and I did not care to return, neither did I care to write. England had lost her attractions for me, and I had ceased relations with her. I knew that I should inherit nothing under my father's will—my fortune had been paid to me when I came of age. Therefore I stayed on, giving no token home of my existence, my residence being chiefly in America, though I travelled pretty well over the globe, Europe excepted. When I found my health failing, failing probably to a fatal termination, then I turned my thoughts to home, and lost no time in returning hither. We took our passages in the 'Wind,' eleven hundred tons register, New York. She brought us safely to this, my own native spot, and wrecked us on it. That was strange," he musingly added, but after a moment's pause went on. "But for my son's interests I do not suppose I should have troubled the old country again—"

"Your son?" said Mr. Blair, interrupting for the first time.

"Yes, sir, my son," returned the narrator, his agitation rising. "The gentleman whom you and Squire Lester and Herbert Dane have, between you, ordered into custody to-day on a charge of midnight plundering, he is my son."

"He! William Lydney!" continued the inspector, astonished for once in his life.

"He, and no other, sir. He is the Honorable William Dane, one of your future peers. Do you think *he* broke into George Lester's house?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, surprised out of his equanimity.

"I had never lighted upon any account of the marriage of Lord Dane, (always supposing it to be my brother Geoffry), and, failing children of his own, of course William was his heir, after me; for that reason, and to establish *his rights*, I came home. We were wrecked—and saved; all that we had with us went down, save a few papers and letters in William's pockets, who was dressed when the catastrophe occurred, sufficient to establish our identity with the agents in London of our American bankers; otherwise we might have been at a temporary strait for money here—"

"Never, my lord," put in Ravensbird, "so far as my narrow means could prevent it."

"Knowing me for Lord Dane, perhaps not, Ravensbird," smiled his master. "But you might not have been so ready to help two distressed unknown shipwrecked travellers."

"My lord," spoke Mr. Apperly," who was dying to have his curiosity gratified, "how *does* that young gentleman come to be your son? You must have made an early marriage."

"I did make an early marriage," replied Lord Dane. "I was not much more than of age. I married the daughter of a French merchant and banker, who had settled in the States, and I married her in secret. Her father had a bitter prejudice against the English, arising from a grievous wrong done to his family by an English officer in the time of the Napoleon War. I was an English officer, and he told her plainly he would rather see her in her grave than my wife. On my own side, I knew that my family, always a haughty one, would never sanction my alliance with a merchant's daughter, and the result was that we married in secret, and contrived to keep it a secret. My wife lived on, unsuspected, at her father's home, making plausible absences from it occasionally. During one of these William was born, and was christened Geoffry William Lydney. As the boy grew he was introduced by my wife to her father's house as the child of a friend, and from that time there was no difficulty in her having him there much, for the old gentleman grew to like him, and to ask for him. Still we did not dare to tell our secret, and the years passed on. We waited patiently for the time that death, in the course of nature, would take him, and release us from our bondage. Alas, death came, as it often does come, where it is not expected. The old gentleman died; that *was* expected, leaving his accumulated riches to his daughter; but ere we had well declared our position, and inherited, she also died: died from a neglected cold. After the lapse of a few months I came on a visit to England, to my father's, at Dane Castle, and there my senses became enthralled by the charms of Lady Adelaide. I did not tell Lord and Lady Dane of my marriage or of my boy; I had no particular motive for the reticence, save that I felt a constant unwillingness to enter upon it. You must remember that I was not the heir, my brother Geoffry's was a good life, and I never cast a thought to the probability of inheriting. Had I done so I should have been the first to declare that I had a son. I did tell Adelaide. In one of our confidential interviews I told her I had made an early and secret marriage, and that my wife was dead. I bound her in honor to secrecy, and, so far as I know, she has observed it. I did not mention William; a feeling prompted me not to; but I meant to have told her all this before we married. William's very large fortune in his own right, inherited from his mother, would prevent any jealous unpleasantness on pecuniary scores. Now you perceive how it is that William Lydney—as he has called himself here—is my son."

"It's like the winding up of a comedy," cried Mr. Apperly.

"The comedy's not wound up yet," retorted Lord Dane. "And now, Mr. Detective," he added, turning to that gentleman, "I come to the part that more particularly concerns you. There was cast up from the wreck a box, which was claimed by William; a japanned box, with the initials V. V. V. upon it, surmounted by a Maltese cross. While he came here to get assistance to remove it, my Lord Dane goes on the beach, sees the box, and orders it up to the castle. Why did he do this?"

Lord Dane stopped, but his question was not answered.

"Because he recognized it; recognized it as my mother's box, one that she had given me when I first went abroad. There is not the slightest doubt that he must have known it again, for he had seen it many and many a score of times at the castle in earlier days; and Mitchel, whom Ravensbird questioned, says that he appeared struck with its appearance. The initials stood for her maiden name, Verena Vincent Verner, General Vincent having been her uncle: and the Maltese cross had been added to them, in a freak, by her brother, young Verner. He had borrowed the box of her, and when it came back it was embellished with the cross. This box she gave to me when I was going out with my regiment, and the very day I was putting my papers and best treasures in it, Herbert Dane stood by and helped me. Yes, he recognized the box, and that's why he laid his hasty hands upon it and sent it to the castle."

Mr. Blair drew his chair a few inches nearer Lord Dane. His part was indeed beginning now, and the plot was getting interesting.

"What he may have feared, what he may have thought, I do not pretend to say, when he saw it on the beach. He may have arrived at a doubt whether I was not yet alive; or he may have feared that some one was bringing my effects to England, and was preparing to denounce him as my destroyer. I say I cannot fathom his precise thoughts and motives, but that he holds that box securely housed in the castle—unless he has destroyed it and its contents with it—is my unshakable conviction."

"Permit me," said Mr. Blair, interposing. "Will your lordship inform me what its contents were?"

"They were varied, sir. Papers and documents relating to my property in America, for my money is invested there, and to that of my son. My will was also in it. All these can be replaced: but what I fear can never be replaced, are the testamentary papers relating to my marriage and to my son's birth. The clergyman who united us is dead, the witnesses are dead: altogether, if these are lost, I might never be able to prove, to the satisfaction of British law, that William is my veritable, legitimate son. See you not how valuable the suppression of them would be to Herbert Dane? I cannot last long, and failing the proof of William's title, he would be the next Baron by right of law."

The detective nodded his head; he saw it all now clearly.

"That box has been the cause of my remaining on in this house in secrecy and seclusion," continued Lord Dane. "I never intended, you may be sure, to return home otherwise than openly, than as my own proper self: but the moment the life boat had saved us—for which we may thank young Lester—came the knowledge that the box was lost, and all else we had had with us. I told William that night it would be better to remain incog. for a time, till we could see what must be done. I did not choose, you see, to bring him home and introduce him as my son and heir, without being able to prove the fact, were I challenged to do it. Then burst upon me the knowledge that my own brother had long been dead, and that he who reigned as the Baron was Herbert Dane. All the more cause for my going to work cautiously. The box at present may be intact; at any rate, not destroyed; but were I to make a stir, and it came to his knowledge that I am here, and that William is my son, he might burn the contents wholesale."

"I understood that the castle had been thoroughly searched, and that no such box was there," observed Mr. Blair.

"So did I," said Lord Dane. "William brought me home the news from the police inspector, and it has troubled me much. But for that, I might have gone about matters in a bolder manner. The fact is, I have been ill all along, in daily hopes of getting better, and I put it off until I should be so. It appears now that I never shall be."

"The chances are that he has removed it from the castle," mused Mr. Blair. "Young told me the search was as efficient as he could make it. But again, it was, by all accounts, very heavy, and he must have had help to do this: would he risk that, under the noise that has been made? I suppose," he continued, stroking his chin, and speaking half in a soliloquy, half as a question, to Lord Dane, "that there are no secret hiding places in the castle?"

"I cannot say; if there are, I do not know of them," was the emphatic answer of Lord Dane. "I never heard the supposition mentioned till the other day. William came in contact with Ben Beecher—a loose, devil-may-care set those Beechers always were—and, by something that accidentally transpired, William thought Beecher or his companions had been concerned in the abstraction of the box, and that through Beecher he might get it again. It came to nothing, but he has met Beecher occasionally since—the box, mind you, being the object—and the man persists in it to him that there are secret places in the castle, old Beecher vouching for it."

"I know of one," observed Mr. Apperly, while they all turned to him with interest—"In the strong room—"

"Which do you call the strong room?" interrupted Lord Dane.

"*The death room, as it was in your time,* my lord; but the present owner of the castle chose to change the name, not liking, possibly, the associations the word death gave, as connected with your supposed fate. In the trestle closet in that room there is a hidden spring; press it, and the side of the closet slowly opens like a door: plenty of space there to conceal anything. It came to my knowledge by accident. I went to the death room once in search of the old Lord Dane, and he, not expecting me or any one else, had the place open. He commanded my secrecy: tradition went that the castle had once, it was in his grandfather's time, been a refuge for the booty of smugglers, and his lordship, honorable and haughty, liked not that coloring should be added to the tale. I informed the present lord of that place—I mean Mr. Herbert."

"You!"

"I did, my lord. It was just after he came into the title. We were speaking of the castle and its rooms, and I told him of that hiding spot, and showed it to him. He was the only and legitimate lord, as I believed, and had more right to the secret than I."

"Then, by heaven, that's where my box is!" uttered Lord Dane, rising from his seat in excitement. "And now what's to be done?" he feverishly asked of the detective. "Plenty of clue to work upon now."

"Your lordship must give me a few hours for deliberation. As you have observed, we must act cautiously, lest he become alarmed and destroy it. We might get a search warrant for the castle, but he is the lord lieutenant still, and might cancel it. None in the county possess his authority. There is no immediate hurry for to-day, and I must mature my plans. It may be necessary for me to apply to Sir Richard Mayne."

"And my son?" imperiously spoke Lord Dane. "Will you suffer him to remain in custody?"

"That he cannot be guilty is perfectly clear to my mind," returned Mr. Blair, "and I will release him on my own responsibility, provided he shall satisfactorily account to me for his presence at Mr. Lester's with those men last night. Can your lordship explain it?"

"No, I cannot," replied Lord Dane. "I will drop a few pencilled words to him, and tell him to confide in you. He *may* do it."

"In all security. He may tell me as a friend, not as a detective."

The words were written, and Mr. Blair departed with them to the police station, leaving his lordship, the lawyer, and Ravensbird setting their wits to work over the box and the hiding place.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The inventor of the "Sewing Bird" lives in Meriden, Connecticut. He has realized about $68,000 out of the simple little invention.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN.

We lay this week our Prospectus for 1861 before our readers.

We hardly like to promise to make THE POST for the coming year better than it has been for the present.

In the department of Fiction we think our paper the present year has not been excelled, if equalled, by any other weekly.

The other departments of the paper, including the Agricultural, News, and Miscellaneous Departments, never, we think, have been better filled.

We hope to do as well through the year that is to come, as through that which is drawing to a close. Our own best exertions shall not be wanting, to procure the best writings of all kinds for THE POST.

In addition to the large volumes already offered to our readers, we now offer the large and splendid Steel Plate Engraving—"A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME"—as a Premium. This is a first-class engraving, originally offered by the LONDON ART UNION, and recently published by Mr. Butler, of this city. The canvasser's price for this engraving is Five Dollars. We offer both it and the paper for the same sum. We offer it also as a PREMIUM to the getter up of a club of *thirty*. *It is worth working for.*

In conclusion, we may be allowed to hope that our many friends—whether working for the premiums or not—will exert themselves on behalf of THE POST, and thus enable us to keep up its high reputation as "the oldest and best of the weeklies."

OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.

America is the true touchstone of foreign merit. If a reputedly great man, or a man of reputed ability in science or literature, takes it into his head to cross the ocean, and run the gauntlet of the United States, he does it at his peril. He will be received with high honors, but he will be weighed in the balance notwithstanding. The very elevation on which he is placed by his entertainers, is calculated to bring out all the vanity and folly of his nature. Woe to him then if his character be not sufficiently simple, strong and well-poised to prevent him from saying and doing silly or even unwise things. For if the hero is found not to comport with the pedestal upon which he has allowed himself to be placed, he suddenly finds that pedestal vanishing from beneath him, and himself allowed to sink more or less rapidly into the ranks of mere common humanity.

How few European celebrities are able to endure without loss this trying ordeal of American enthusiasm! Jenny Lind did endure it—and grandly. Jenny must have really noble and heroic elements of character, for she was able to queen it to the last. Even her break with Barnum, which was generally considered the proof of her having been a little spoiled by the admiration she had received, did not greatly affect her in public estimation; while her marriage with a poor young fellow like Otto Goldsmith really exalted her in popular esteem; it being taken as a sign of that royalty of mind which respects the man himself more than his mere accidents. Yes, Jenny occupied her pedestal to the last, and though she might visit America again without setting the people in a blaze, she would still be regarded both with kindness and admiration.

Kossuth lost decidedly while he was among us. He was received as an Hungarian "Thaddeus of Warsaw." And though his brain was but little turned, considering the unusual height of the pedestal on which we placed him, the one idea of the rights and interests of Hungary prevented him from seeing clearly the rights and interests of other countries, and made him appear rather selfish and exacting. To him Hungary was everything, and all the rest of the world nothing—while to us the welfare and interests of America seemed to outweigh a dozen Hungarys. And to think that a great people would abandon a settled policy in their foreign affairs, at the dictation of even a Hero and second "Thaddeus of Warsaw," was really to suppose something a little offensive. And so Kossuth's star began to pale to American eyes, and he never can be again the Hero that once he was.

Charles Dickens, for a literary man, met with a glorious reception. It may have been a little extravagant we grant, but it was hearty, and honorable alike to him and to us. But Dickens was at that time—we hope he has outgrown it since—in spite of his glorious genius, no little of a cockney. He had never travelled much, and therefore perhaps fell easily into the vulgar error of finding fault with what he was unaccustomed to. A seven years' old city in what was ten years before a forest, astonished him—not that the city was there, but that the country around it was not also a garden. With every disposition to be proud of our visitor, what could be done with a London cockney in a newly settled country—with its still decaying stumps, its unhedged fields, its bad roads, and its various rude, unsettled ways? What could we do with one who would mentally compare all our yearling cities with centuried London, and our people with Englishmen, the latter of course being the standard of perfection? Who was constantly so disturbed by the sight of elevated boots, and the chewing of tobacco, that he could not see what was really worth seeing either in the people, their homes, or their institutions? Impossible indeed was it to keep such a hero on his pedestal; and so Dickens insensibly sank, to our great regret, into "small, good Schnuppel, the distinguished novelist."

Even Tupper had a little ovation tendered him by his American admirers—but he extinguished it and them, and himself, by one little speech. It was too much for us, the idea of the American Eagle being taken under the kind protection of Martin Farquhar Tupper! We appreciated the kindness of course, but—!

Fredrika Bremer had a pedestal raised for her about half as high as that prepared for Dickens. But, somehow or another, Miss Bremer's pedestal, while not removed, has been gradually decreasing ever since. We question whether it now stands more than six inches above the common level of European authors. We can hardly give the reason for this. Miss Bremer was small in person, and not very comely—so at least report said—but this could hardly be the reason. Perhaps it was because she did not impress you with her personality—seemed to have little that had not been put into her books—and altogether shocked her admirers too much by the contrast between the Real and the Ideal authoress.

Thackeray came—but had no ovation.—Thackeray is large enough too—we mean physically—for a hero. But Thackeray never was popular with the people, and probably never will be. He is doubtless good in his way, but his way is not the heroic. Not of such artificial stuff are made the Immortal Gods.

The Prince of Wales was our last hero—but in him we honored not so much the individual as the position. Still he bore his honors sensibly and meekly, thanks perhaps to his good counsellors, and made no mental misstep, if he did a physical one. We are glad that it was so, for our English cousins would not like us any the better for laughing at their young Prince—and, if he had tripped, our sensation-loving people certainly would *have made the most of it—not from any ill-will, but merely for the fun of the thing.*

And thus we test the European celebrities. We put them on a pedestal, if they wish,—that being due to their reputations. We then proceed to judge them for ourselves. If *their heads are not turned*, nor their minds puffed up by the adulation they receive—if they act like simple-hearted, sensible and noble men, we write them down such with an impartial, reverential pen. But if their gold is merely thin gilding, and their fine writing empty talk, we also write that down as our impartial verdict.

But no celebrity is forced to undergo this ordeal. He may enter and travel through America as a private gentleman, submit to no ovation, and refuse to be gunged and weighed and measured. It may be generally the wisest plan so to do. It is a terrible test to an author especially—to bring his Reality face to face with his Ideal. Were not all men such heroes to themselves, few would venture upon the experiment. Let the public be thankful that it is so—for if the prophets should always keep veiled, we might render them too abject a worship.

COOL.

The weather this season has been very cool, according to all accounts, in England. A remarkable case of coolness comes chronicled to us in the late English papers. It appears that the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, in a recent lecture relative to his travels in the United States,

"Described his journey to Philadelphia, where twenty-four men were waiting his arrival on the railway platform—the news of his visit to the place having preceded him—his journey across the Allegheny Mountains, and his arrival at the city of St. Louis. *He found the whole country was watching him, because his arrival and purpose in America had been heralded by the newspapers.*"

That last paragraph would be refreshing in July weather. Why was it that Mr. Berkeley's coming and purposes were heralded? Because he took the trouble to have it so. The London "*Field*," to which paper Mr. Berkeley contributed his sketches of travel, sent a card to THE POST, and probably to other American papers, announcing Mr. Berkeley's coming, his purposes, and bespeaking the kind attentions of American sportsmen. As requested by the "*Field*," we published the matter of said card.

And now this gentleman, who made, or whose friends made, a public appeal to the sportsmen of the United States, is quoted as saying in a fault-finding and offensive manner, that "the whole country was watching him, *because his arrival and purpose in America had been heralded by the newspapers!*"

As to the "twenty-four men" who were awaiting Mr. Berkeley's arrival at Philadelphia, if there were that many fellow sportsmen attracted to him by the *Field's* card, he certainly should be the last man to ridicule them. Others might laugh at their folly—but with Mr. Berkeley it should have been sacred. His comments are in wretchedly bad taste; and we would thank the London "*Field*" to be more careful hereafter, how it commends travellers to the courtesy of American sportsmen.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The Select Council of this city has voted in favor of erecting the new public buildings in Independence Square, on the Walnut street front, at a cost of not over $400,000. We think that this merely local question should not be suffered to go again before the Legislature of the State, but should be determined at once by our municipal government. While no place that can be selected will give universal satisfaction, it seems to us that the location mentioned above is as unobjectionable as any that has been mentioned. We dislike very much, for ourselves, to see any of our public squares built upon; and would rather that a suitable lot, if it can be found, should be obtained elsewhere. The old Walnut street prison lot should have been secured at the proper time—but it is too late now. If we *must* encumber any public square with the public buildings, it seems to us that either Independence or Washington Square is the most suitable location.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 5, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

So general is the mania of pulling down and rebuilding with which the Government has contrived to inoculate the Parisian landlords, that no quarter of the city is free from the complex miseries attendant on this double process. Handsome houses of but a few years standing share the fate of demolition with the dingy structures of other days; and what with the ambitious rivalries of private owners who will not consent to be outshone by the handsome new buildings put up by their neighbors, and the enormous changes in the way of new streets and boulevards opened by the Government through the heart of the city, as well as on its borders, Paris has become, for the present, the noisiest, busiest, dearest, and most uncomfortable of modern cities. The huge, heavy wagons—primitive and clumsy to a degree which astonishes all English and American visitors—roll through the streets at all hours of the day and night, themselves weighty enough to create a terrible noise even if empty, but, when laden with enormous blocks of freestone, brought from the quarries beneath and around the city, so exceedingly heavy that their passage, with the tremendous rumbling of their wheels, the staggering of the five unhappy horses who plunge, and slip, and catch at the paving-stones with their hoofs, and whinny out their agony and despair under the difficulty of their task, the loud cracks of the driver's whip, and his still louder swearing, with the rattling of every bit of wood and iron of which the antiquated vehicle is composed, and the racket of the bells round the animals' necks, without which a French driver seems to think it impossible to make his horses "go"—it may well be imagined that the passage of successive strings of these wagons, making the ground tremble for hundreds of yards if over the excavations, and reverberating like the harshest of thunder in the depths of the narrow, high-walled streets which seeem to give no noise the chance of escaping, is quite sufficiently afflictive to make life a burden to anything provided with the nervous apparatus which we must believe to have been given by Providence as a purveyor of pleasure, but which, in our present "advanced" civilization proves so often a medium of pain. Add to this frightful infliction of noise, and the dust and dirt with which all this building fills the city, the fact that the new houses are internally mere shells of iron and plaster, so that you hear everything done by your neighbors in the stories above, below, and on either side of your apartment, and can by no possibility get out of hearing of the grating of chairs, and the noise of feet on the uncarpeted floors, the slamming of doors, (the French never turn a handle when shutting a door, believing as firmly that so to do would "injure the lock," as a Staffordshire pitman does that to wash oneself all over "weakens the back,") the talking, laughing, scolding, and singing of the closely-packed human creatures about you, the jingle of pianos, the barking of dogs, screeching of parrots, the screaming and romping of children, the dancing and music of balls and parties, the conversation of cooks carried on between the back windows of the various stories, the plaintive strains of ballad-singers, and the seemingly heart-broken unearthly cadence of the ubiquitous "*merchande de plaisir*," who supplies every quarter of the city with the insipid wafer-cakes so dear to French juveniles, the piercing cries of hawkers and glaziers, and the obstreperous tones of gigantic "orchestral" organs upon wheels, and you may arrive at a distant approximation to the sum of distraction which is now "part and parcel" of Paris life!

But the gay capital, however uncomfortable, is growing every day more handsome to the eye; and that seems to be a sufficient compensation, according to French ideas, for the universality of noise which has become the normal condition of existence in this brilliant metropolis. The long lines of imposing white facades that now meet the view in every direction, are splendid in the extreme; the public gardens, filled with trees and flowers, which have been opened in every part of the city—generally fulfilling the double end of bringing into sight some fine public building, secular or profane—afford the most charming refreshment to feet and senses in the midst of this wide Babel of freestone; the shops, with their multifarious temptations, the quays with their miles of trees, and the river with its handsome bridges, and the beautiful vistas of open country now visible in so many directions, make up a series of urban views such as the Parisians flatter themselves that no other city can furnish; an opinion which is probably not far from the truth, since most other cities, save those most renowned for their beauty, can only boast of a few fine vistas, whereas these now meet the the eye in every direction through modern Paris. As to the amount of money spent from the public exchequer in this effort to make the French capital the handsomest of cities, the public is, of course, not very exactly informed; but it is easy to see that it must be something enormous when it is remembered that, for instance, in the mere item of rectifying the north side of the Place du Palais-Royal, one entire wing of the magnificent Palace inhabited by Prince Napoleon has just been ruthlessly pulled down, although, not fifteen months ago, the sum expended simply and solely in gilding the mouldings on the walls of Princess Clotilda's apartments only, amounted to over a million of francs. The windows, doors, woodwork, locks, railings, balustrades, &c., of this splendid suite of rooms, with the great blocks of freestone, and carved mullions and ornaments of the exterior walls, the beautiful inlaid floors, and other component parts of the young Princess's portion of the demolished wing, were purchased by a man whom I know for scarce a hundreth part of what they cost. What, then, must be the sacrifice of costly materials attendant on the repetition of this process of "improvement" in every quarter, and almost in every street of Paris?

The value of land has risen so rapidly, and to such a height, in consequence of all these changes, that the owners of pieces of ground in the more favored localities, find themselves suddenly taking rank among the richest of the rich. Plots of ground hitherto yielding their possessors but a moderate income, having been suddenly taken by the State for some new street, square, or boulevard, these people now find themselves converted into triple, or even decuple millionaires by the ex-propriation of their land. Not only the capitalists of the city have made enormous sums by hastily buying up ground which their sagacity foresaw would rapidly increase in value, but hangers-on about the court, without a sou to bless themselves with, having profitted by their superior opportunities of learning in which direction new streets, &c., were to be laid out, have contrived by the various inglorious ways of raising money familiar to speculation, to make themselves the possessors of colossal fortunes realized simply through their getting hold, at low figures, of tracts of land which they foresaw must rise enormously in value, as the projected changes, of which they had received private information from high quarters, came to be carried out.

Of the doubling and tripling of rents, owing to the scarcity of house accommodation consequent on the demolition of so large a portion of the city, the fact that certain houses are now bringing in an annual rental considerably higher than their total fee-simple value as estimated three or four years ago, sufficiently demonstrates the heaviness of the tax thus levied by landlords on the pockets of their tenants. It is probable, however, that the rate of rents will decline somewhat when the vast number of houses, now in course of erection, shall be completed; though the landlords are declaring that they will leave their houses vacant rather than consent to lower their terms.

The only direction in which any attempt is being made to introduce a more convenient mode of building, is in the new quarters so rapidly springing up about the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne. This high, dry, airy, and beautiful portion of the territory recently included within the limits of the town, has been taken possession of, to a great degree, by the English and Americans, who have introduced there the plan of building separate houses, intended for the use of only a single family, each with its own garden, larger or smaller, according to the fortune of its occupants, and supplied with something like an approximation to the comforts and conveniences which are looked upon as necessaries of life in Anglo-Saxon communities, but of which the French mind never seems to form an idea. Villas detached and semi-detached, something in the style of those which render the wealthy suburbs of English and American cities so charming, are springing up like mushrooms in the quarter just alluded to; many of them at tolerably moderate rents, others aiming mainly at comfort and elegance, and built at immense cost by wealthy foreign residents. A number of princes—royal and other—have beautiful dwellings in this favorite suburb, the two exiled uncles of the ex-King of Naples being among their number, together with a host of wealthy representative of the Anglo-Saxons of both hemispheres. Among the most elegant and costly of the latter is the beautiful mansion recently built in the noble Avenue de l'Imperatrice, by your distinguished townsman, Dr. Evans. The walls of this magnificent dwelling are three feet thick, and its floors are solid in proportion; the interior, furnished with all the appliances for domestic convenience in which America so far transcends even the domestic architecture of England, and fitted up with all the elegance for which French upholsterers are equally famous, is a model of a family dwelling which might be advantageously studied by all French builders, and from which many valuable hints will no doubt be borrowed, even by persons obliged to content themselves with something less costly than this beautiful establishment.

Much has been said of the impossibility on the part of a Parisian who should have been absent during the last ten years from Paris, of being able to find his way through the various quarters of the city, if suddenly set down in their midst; but such is the rapidity of change now going on here, that one is occasionally puzzled to know where one is, even after the absence of a few months, or even weeks. And so entirely is this state of metamorphosis just now in vogue here, that the Government prepared, as one of the festive surprises of the Emperor's birthday, last August, a beautiful new fountain—one of the largest and most costly in Paris—which was put up so mysteriously on the new Place St. Michael, that no one knew what was going on behind the scaffolding until, on the morning of the *fete*, the secret-keeping woodwork was found to have been removed in the night, and the rising sun was gilding the gigantic piece of sculpture representing the combat between the Archangel Michael and the Dragon, and the half-dozen great jets of water that form, as it were, component parts of this latest rendering of the ancient traditional encounter.

With the recent enlargement of Paris, and the rapidity with which the urbanized space is being built over, the duties and numbers of the police force of the metropolis are proportionally increasing. This important department is now composed as follows: One commissary, head of the department, salary 12,000f.; 1 Deputy, 8,000f.; 1 Sub-chief, 3,500f., may be increased to 5,000f.; 20 Clerks, from 1,000f. to 2,700f.; 4 Inspectors-General, 6,000f.; 32 Peace Officers, from 3,000f. to 6,000f.; 16 Principal Inspectors, 2,500f.; 78 Brigadiers, 1,800f.; 427 Sub-Brigadiers, 1,600f.; 3,676 Sergens de Ville, from 1,200f. to 1,500f.; 321 Auxiliaries, 3f. per day; 1 Head Physician, 3,500f.; and 12 other medical men, 1,600f.; 28 Agents attached to Control Office at the Prefecture. In all, 4,616 police agents, being an increase of 1,025 since the annexation of the suburbs to the municipal domain.

While the Government has been working so effectually, in the interest of French vanity, at extending the area of the metropolis, and beautifying its thoroughfares, no solid improvement has been introduced even into the new houses on which such an amount of ornamentation is bestowed. As to the houses of the poorer classes, they are left in their dinginess and dirt, just as they used to be.—But seeing that the cry of popular amelioration is now, to a certain degree, the order of the day, it is considered as necessary to do something, here and there, towards ameliorating, on given points, the dwellings of the laboring classes. These efforts are undoubtedly useful as far as they go; but it is to be regretted that they are not undertaken more systematically and on a wider scale. Among other attempts to this end, a grant of 100,000f. was lately made by the Government to the town of Lille, to be devoted to the erection of houses for the workmen of that locality; where the attention of the public was first called to the subject by the formation of a company, in 1853, by the Messrs. Scrive, who, with a capital of 300,000f., and a subsidy of 179,600f., built 234 houses for workmen, the rent of which was fixed at 10f. a month, or 3d. English a day. Each of these houses contained four rooms. The unmarried men were placed in houses of eight rooms, and paid one franc and a-half a month, or one *sou* a day. The company had taken the engagement never to receive more than 4 per cent. interest on its advances.

At Rouen, and at Marseilles, similar houses have been erected in a similar manner. At Mulhausen, a company was also formed for the same purpose, in 1853, with a capital of 300,000f., and with the aid of a small subsidy, built a number of houses, each of which was let to a single family. Every house had a court and garden, and was perfectly isolated from the others; their rent can never exceed 8 per cent. of cost; and they are sold to workmen wishing to purchase, at the exact cost price. Houses having a superficies of 40 *metres* (a *metre* is about 3¼ feet) with a garden of 120 *metres*, and containing kitchen, cellar, and a room with an alcove on the ground floor, two rooms above, water-closet and garret, cost 1,658f. Larger houses cost from 2,526f. to 2,900f. The conditions of purchase are: A sum paid down of from 300f. to 500f., according to the value of the house, and afterwards from 50f. to 30f. a month, so as to pay off two-thirds of the capital, the interest at 5 per cent., and the charges of the purchase in six or seven years. The remaining third of the original price is lent by the Credit Foncier Company, on the annual payment, for 30 years, of a compound interest which represents the sinking fund of the loan. In the quarter where these houses are situated, there are two schools, a wash-house, and a bathing establishment.

The *Cite Ouvriere*, or immense house divided into apartments of one or more rooms to suit the convenience of single workmen and families, which was built some ten or a dozen years ago in the upper part of the Rue Rochechouart, of this city, has proved not only a great blessing to the class who tenant it, but also a very safe speculation to its builders. It is always full, and many more applications are made for rooms than can be granted. The rents are made as low as is compatible with the payment of an interest of 5 per cent. on the capital invested; and the tenants have the advantage of far better accommodations than they could obtain elsewhere, even at a much higher rent.

The visits which the Emperor and Empress have just returned from making in Savoy, Nice, Provence, Corsica, and Algeria, have been converted into a series of ovations of the most brilliant character. Dijon was the first place they stopped at, and it seems to have felt that such an honor merited all that its resources could accomplish in the way of welcome. Processions, decorations, triumphal arches, a *Te Deum* in the cathedral which was lighted *a giorno* on the occasion, receptions, balls, bouquets, and a magnificent bouquet presented to the Empress by "25 young girls dressed in white" were among the items of the grand doings there. Formerly, when the sovereign visited this ancient capital of the principal wine district, the municipal authorities offered a present which was called the "wine of honor," though not always consisting of wine. The last time this old custom was put in practice was in 1683, when 22 vases of fine tin filled with the wines of the famous vineyards of Talant and Chenore, and 22 boxes of preserved fruits, were thus presented to Louis XIV. On the present occasion this custom was renewed; the gift consisting of 50 bottles of the best growths of Burgundy, contained in a magnificent chest furnished with a golden key. For the edification of distant *gourmets*, who may like to see what the centre of the Burgundian wine-district offered as its choicest products, I give the list of this costly collection:—1 bottle of Corton, 1784; 2 of Corton, 1825; 3 of Beaune, 1889; 2 Clos-Vougeot, 1834; 2 Volnay, 1884; 3 Vosne, 1834; 2 Romanee-Conty, 1834; 3 Mentrachety, 1834; 4 Clos-Vougeot, 1843; together with the growths of Chambertin, Musigny, St. George, Bonnes-Mares, Clos du Roy, Tache, sparkling Romanee, sparkling Nuits and sparkling Burgoyne *gele*. Besides these, which were offered in the magnificent chest aforesaid, the donors presented a quantity of samples of all the best wines of the district which were drunk at the banquet given by the Emperor, at which all the principal notabilities of the department were present. After this banquet the court and its guests adjourned to the Salle des Etats, where a magnificent ball, given by the city to the Emperor, wound up the grand doings of the metropolis of Burgundy, which was magnificently illuminated.

While on the subject of wine, let me give, for those who are curious in such matters, the different sorts preferred by various eminent personages, according to the researches of a writer in the *Pays*, the results of whose historical perquisitions on this very important subject enable him to inform us that Frederic the Great preferred Tokay; Napoleon I. Chambertin; Peter the Great, Madeira; Cardinal Richelieu, Romanee; Marshal Richelieu, Medoc; Rubens, Marsalc; Rabelais, old Chablais; Marshal de Saxe, Champagde; Cromwell, Malvoisie; Jean Bart, Beaune; Talleyrand, Chateau-Margot; Humboldt, Sauterne; Balzac, Vouvray; Gœthe, Johannisberg; Byron, Port; Charles V., Alicante; Francis I., Sherry; and Henry IV., Surene. But to return from this digression.

At Lyons the same brilliant reception was given to the imperial visitors, the municipal offering being, for the Empress, to whom as "the most gracious and the most venerated of sovereigns," "the queen of elegance and good taste," as the Lyons addresses called her, the lordly silk-spinners of "the second city of France," presented some magnificent specimens of their manufacturing skill. It is pleasant to note the stress which the Lyons grandees, in their address to the Emperor, laid on the fact that the treaty of commerce with England constitutes, in their eyes, "the crowning glory" of the Emperor's reign, and is destined to "spread fresh glory over France by causing the soldiers of industry to gather pacific laurels which will rival the glorious victories achieved by the army under his command." The Emperor responded by a short speech in which he declared his determination to "maintain France in the grandeur and prosperity which Providence has assigned to her;" and wound up by declaring that "they may, in full confidence, abandon themselves to works of peace, for the destinies of France are in her own hands, she gives the impulse to all great and generous ideas in Europe, will never submit to bad ones unless she should degenerate, which," added the Emperor, "with God's blessing, be assured she shall never do in my hands."

In Savoy and Nice, according to the testimony of all impartial observers, the police had plenty of work on their hands in getting up the "spontaneous" enthusiasm so glowingly reported in the papers. At Marseilles, where the municipality presented a gorgeous diamond bracelet, containing a miniature of the little Prince, and where the Emperor delivered his famous poetic speech in favor of peace, the ovation was probably genuine enough. In Corsica, too, the people were enchanted to see the sovereign; and as the Emperor made lavish gifts wherever he went, granting new churches, hotels de ville, boulevards, esplanades, asylums, and so on, everybody was gratified by the imperial presence. In Algiers, Arabs and Kabyles seemed to have outvied each other in their demonstrations of loyalty; a magnificent assemblage of native costumes, brilliant with "barbaric gold," sham fights, and the skillful scene-shifting of French officials, seem to have made the imperial stay very brilliant and striking. The Arabs gave the Emperor a superb horse with trappings of solid gold; the Jewesses presented the Empress with a wonderfully grand fan, composed of ivory, gold, and ostrich feathers, enriched with rubies, and with a magnificent coral handle unique in its way. The Kabyles made a present of an unparalleled ostrich egg, of enormous size, beautifully ornamented, and a beautiful stand of native workmanship for this wonderful egg to stand on.

The imperial stay at Algiers was shortened by news of the dying state of the Empress's sister, the Duchess of Alba, but though the travellers hastened back to Paris as rapidly as possible, the Duchess died before they reached it. She was kind, witty, and much liked; falling into the illness that has cut short her days in the prime of life, through over fatigue in watching one of her children through a severe illness. Her funeral service was excessively magnificent; and the body is now lying in the Imperial Chapel at Reuil, at the desire of the Empress, who goes there, in Catholic fashion, to pray beside the coffin, which will, in a few days, be sent to Spain for interment.

So pass the glories and grandeurs of this terrestrial scene! In how many hearts has the sight of the beautiful palace of the Duke of Alba, in the Champs Elysees, and of its inmates who seemed to command all that Fortune can bestow on her most favored votaries, awakened secret envy and repinings! How many a Parisian woman, of all ranks and ages, would have considered the possibility of changing lots with the young mistress of that splendid abode, of standing at the head of one of the proudest houses of Spain, and being allied to the most influential of modern sovereigns, and occupying one of the highest positions in the gayest of modern courts, as the *ne plus ultra* of human felicity! And now the possessor of all this envied splendor has passed out from among the living, and not the meanest of the beggars that may have envied the hand that used to relieve them so short a time ago, would consent to change places with the object of their envious and shortsighted admiration.

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POLITICAL NEWS.

OREGON.—Two U. S. Senators have been at last elected. J. Nesmith, a Douglas Democrat, has been elected for the long term, and E. D. Baker, Republican, for the short term, five years. Baker is a non-intervention Republican, with views similar to Eli Thayer. There was a complete fusion of the Douglas and Republican parties. The vote for Baker was 26, and for Nesmith 27.

NEBRASKA.—The official returns from Nebraska show that the Republicans have elected their Congressional Delegate by 147 majority, and carried a majority in the Legislature.

NEW JERSEY.—The Fusion Electoral ticket has been finally settled. It contains the names of three Douglas Democrats, two Breckinridge Democrats, and two Bell men. All the other tickets of these parties have been withdrawn. There is now but one ticket in New Jersey opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin.

ALABAMA.—U. S. Senator Toombs, at Montgomery on the 27th, spoke to an audience of 2,000 persons, and urged resistance to the death to the election of Lincoln.

NEW MEXICO.—Judge Kerthley, who introduced a bill into the Territoral Legislature of New Mexico, at the last session, for the repeal of slavery, has been re-elected without opposition.

INDIAN MASSACRE—HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—The mail brings dates from Vancouver, a town on the Columbia river, to the 3rd instant. H. Scheiber had just arrived at that place with news of the massacre, by the Snake Indians, of an entire emigrant train, consisting of forty-six persons, nineteen of whom were men and the balance women and children. The party was first attacked about fifty miles west of the Salmon Falls on the 9th of September. This attack lasted about one hour. The Indians then withdrew and allowed the train to proceed five miles, when they again attacked the train.

This fight lasted two days and one night. On the afternoon of the 10th, the Indians had possession of the whole train with the exception of six men, who being mounted escaped. After travelling through the woods for nine days the six survivors were again attacked, and five of the party killed. Mr. Scheiber alone escaped by hiding in the bushes. After travelling seven days without food, he was found in an exhausted condition by some persons, who took him to the Dalles. Of the nineteen males in the party, six were discharged soldiers from Fort Hall. Mr. Scheiber is the only survivor. He says that the six men who fled on horseback did not leave until the Indians had complete possession of the train, and from the screams of the women and children, he was led to believe that the whole party were butchered.

THE PRINCE'S SAILOR BROTHER.—Science has pronounced the edict that the *second-born*, in human, as well as all other animals, is the best—superior, that is to say, to the successive members of the family as well as to the first-born. Admiring Prince Albert as much as we are all doing at present, we cannot but watch the second-born, Prince Alfred, with great (scientific) interest; and we see that the honors paid to this sailor-Prince express even more homage than we are paying to his elder brother. At Graham's Town (where he lately arrived in the course of his ship's cruise), his body-guard, while on shore, was composed of ladies!!! The Boston Post says: "Prince Alfred had, as a body-guard, *seventeen ladies*, well mounted, well equipped, and first-rate horsewomen, each wearing blue rosettes with silver anchors, and the corps was named 'Prince Alfred's Own Body Guards.' A retired cavalry man took the command, practised them in forming threes, and wheeling into line, and found them a *most willing and obedient escort. They* escorted him to the quarters provided for him, at the Lieutenant-Governor's private residence; there they were presented and received his most gracious acknowledgments.—There was a grand rural *fete* given at Oatlands, and his Royal Highness requested the lady guard to escort him to the *fetes*, which they did in the most orderly and uniform style."

MR. SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.—The Rome, N. Y. Sentinel, thus describes Mr. Seward's steeds:—"The larger horse is about fifteen hands high, dark bay, with black mane and tail, the latter long, fine, and very thin; small head, large bright eyes, and large nostrils, but none of the fire and poetry—if we may be allowed such mixture—about him that we are led to expect in the steed of the desert. In short, to the uninitiated, a 'full-blooded Arabian,' is here represented—and he is affirmed to be pure and invaluable—is 'not much of a shower' after all. He is badly marked with a white stripe on the forehead, white fore and hind off feet, and a dapple on the back. But the beauties and perfections excite the knowing ones. Legs—and they are superb—hips, shoulders, breast, and neck, &c., are deemed perfect, and in all essential points he is pronounced, by those who ought to know, the most splendid animal they have ever seen. Hearing these enthusiastic posted ones talk will greatly relieve the disappointment experienced on first seeing the stallion. This one is six years old. The other is but two years and is a much handsomer animal—some fourteen hands high, and a very beautiful sorrel. He evinces more spirit than the other, and his points are quite as loudly praised."

BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE CURED IN TWO HOURS.—The Petersburg Express publishes the following from a reliable correspondent: A carpenter, while engaged, a few days ago, in pulling down an old house, and in removing some of the rotten timbers near the ground, was bitten by a rattlesnake. In a few moments his finger was swollen to four times its natural size, and a red streak commenced running up his hand and wrist. A deadly languor came upon him, and his vision grew dim, clearly indicating that the subtle poison that was coursing through his veins was rapidly approaching the citadel of life. But a remedy was tried merely by way of experiment, which, to the surprise of all present, acted like a charm, the component parts of which were onion, tobacco, and salt, of equal parts made into a poultice and applied to the wound, and at the same time a cord was bound tightly about the wrist. In two hours afterwards he had so far recovered as to be able to resume his work. I knew an old negro who cured a boy that had been bitten by a mad dog, by the same application.

THE excitement in South Carolina about Hitchings, and certain cases of arms, has blown over, and Hitchings been released. Some think that it was but a swindling operation, as he had written for watches, also, and represented himself as a cotton planter, owning slaves. One of the boxes examined had nothing but paints and brushes in it.

IT is stated by Mr. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, the great vine cultivator, that wine made from the best native American grapes surpasses in quality the best wines of Europe.

☞ VALUE OF APPLAUSE.—Some one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress, "it gives us breath."

☞ The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

☞ Several nice young gentlemen went to the residence of a young damsel to give her a serenade. After some time, the servant stepped out and walking up to one of them, exclaimed: "My friend, the folks are all abed; you can't get a cent here to-night!"

THE NOBLEST AMBITION.

Many a man holds firm persuasion,
Cherished deep in heart and brain,
That for him some great occasion
Shall produce colossal gain.

Day by day he idle dallies
Where the mountains kiss the skies,
Strolling through Life's greenest valleys
Without striving to arise.

Till, while lounging, overtaken
By the Messenger of Fate,
By ambitious hopes forsaken,
Mourns he o'er his luckless state.

Then of all ascent despairing,
With less spirit than a slave,
He contented is with sharing
With the low the humblest grave.

Ah! yon unimpulsive natures,
Poor, indeed, must be your chance;
Nature stints your moral statures,
Fortune, your inheritance.

By long looking at the planets,
Heav'n no more is made your home
Than can flocks of gulls or gannets
Gaze on swans, and swans become.

Always onward, upward, ventures
He whose foot has never swerved,
Till God cancels the indentures
Of the apprenticeship he served.

Why should we still pick up pebbles,
Sauntering idly on the shore,
When the shortest voyage trebles
What small gain we owned before?

Though contentment is a blessing,
Hearts should with their hopes expand,
And all mean desires suppressing,
Throb but for the great and grand.

Gloriously do kings bedizen
Heroes for successful wars,
Till the soldier's scant horizon
Seems a galaxy of stars.

But a much more stern campaigning
He, for conscience-sake, endures,
Who the victory has been gaining
That the grandest prize secures.

Climb, who would man's claim inherit,—
Soar above the human clod;
He who highest brings his merit,
Nearest brings his soul to God.

FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

HINTS ON MARRIAGE PROPOSALS.

WITH ANECDOTES TO MATCH.

BY AN EXPERIENCED CHAPERON.

Most women allow that in the course of their lives they have gone through at least once the ordeal of a "proposal," but then they feel bound in honor not to disclose circumstances and particulars. Men naturally enough utterly refuse to detail their experiences on this subject. Their Edith or Georgine sit at the head of their table, and the mystical words used to induce her to accept that happy position, whether inspired by the feelings of the moment, or guided by the light of numerous previous failures, we are never allowed to know. I, therefore, as an elderly matron, hope for some gratitude from the rising generation, if I offer a few suggestions and write down such information on this mysterious subject as I have stored up in the course of a long life.

In the first place, then:—Avoid too much haste in matrimonial matters. A clever writer in the Saturday Review recommends no man to marry till he has seen his beloved with a cold in her head. If his affection will stand this test, nothing, we think, can chill it; but this writer, I gather from internal evidence in his own article, is young and a bachelor, and has evidently never made a sea voyage. However, his theory is good so far as it goes, and might, if generally acted upon, prevent some of the *contretemps* arising from hasty offers of marriage. One such occurs to me at this moment. A proposal was written and sent by the post, in the days when letters travelled quietly at the rate of ten miles an hour on the mail coach. The anxious lover for the first week breathlessly expected the reply, but it did not come. The next week he pined, and was sleepless; still no answer. The third week he became indignant. "A civil acknowledgement was his due. She was heartless and a flirt." The next week he despised her, and congratulated himself on his escape; and when at the end of it, he received his own letter back from the dead letter office, because he had, in his agitation, forgotten to direct it, he had so completely outlived his love, that he never proposed to that lady at all.

In the second place:—Always deal with principles. If a girl is too young to know her own mind, you had better wait till she is older; and if she is too undecided to judge of her own feelings, why not choose one a little wiser? I know a fine disposition which was soured, and the course of two lives materially darkened, by a churlish old father, who never told his daughter of the declaration of attachment he had received for her, because he considered the income offered, to be insufficient. She thought her feelings had been trifled with, and the man a heartless flirt. Many years afterward she found out, by accident, how much she had misjudged him; but it was then too late.

Let me recommend young girls to shun the man who is, even when making love, wrapped up in himself and his own pursuits, instead of being able to throw his mind into their occupations, or to sympathize with their feelings. Such a man is either narrow-minded or narrow-hearted. I once saw a middle-aged invalid making love to a young girl. After making great efforts to secure an opportunity of meeting her, he drew his chair close to hers, looked into her face, sighed heavily, drew his chair still closer, and, while she looked at him in astonishment, and I, in the distance, strained my ears to hear what under remark followed all this preparation, I heard him whisper, with great emphasis, "Who is *your* doctor?" I need hardly say that the proposal failed which followed this well-judged commencement. A more pardonable case of a man's absorption in his own pursuits was that of a very shy lover, whose one idea was horses. He never found courage to propose till he had persuaded the lady to go into the stable and look at his favorite horse. There *he* spoke, and there she answered *yes*. But this was natural and pardonable; a shy man may need his vantage ground, and, feeling his own inferiority in the drawing-room, may yet be aware of his superior knowledge and superior power in the stable, where his horse is his throne, and he himself a king.

Thirdly.—Never express strong determinations on the subject of marriage unless you mean to break them. I have seldom heard an old bachelor declare that he had quite decided not to marry, without feeling sure that the subject was engrossing a good deal of his thoughts, and soon afterwards seeing his marriage announced in the papers. If a man assures you he could never marry a widow, or a fast young lady, or a girl who is fat, he is sure to do it; and when then the young girls who honor me with their confidence assure me they never could marry a man who is short, or who can't ride across country, or who wears a beard, or who has only five hundred pounds sterling a year, or a country squire who rides without straps, or forgets to wear gloves, I consider that their doom is sealed, and that their husbands will be the opposite of their youthful ideal in these exact particulars. But people fall generally *du coto ou l' on penche*, and the *penchant* of this generation is certainly not to idealize too much. Warning, therefore, on this head is, perhaps, unnecessary. Rather, I remind them that imagination is, as Schlegel tells us, a garden of Eden within us, which man ought to dress and keep within bounds, not ruthlessly fell.

I plead, therefore, that a little romance be still left around the proposal, even in this money-making and money-seeking age. Let the words be spoken at a time and in a place which imagination may love to dwell upon, and beware of the example of Sir O. P——, a well-known physician. He is said to have rolled the note in which he asked for the Duchess of ——'s hand, round a phial of medicine. She accepted the bitter draught, but refused the man. I have also heard that a beautiful and accomplished lady, who had become an enthusiast in farming, with the view of benefitting her tenants and dependents, was "proposed to" in a new pig sty, by an eminent agriculturist, while they were discussing the various arrangements and improvements which might be made in the building. Here an engrossing pursuit in common had assisted the *denouement;* but such similarity of tastes may be but temporary, and is a frail foundation for lasting union.

A north country gentleman, a master of hounds, and a man of much character and originality, but shy and peculiar in society, was, by great similarity of taste, thrown much in the way of a lady who rode well. My elderly cheeks tingle with a blush while I write that, the gentleman, not improving the opportunities given him of declaring his sentiments, when riding home with the lady, after hunting, she took a step which, as I am presenting the different aspects and circumstances of proposals, I feel bound, however unwillingly, to relate:—"Why should we not marry, Sir John?" she said. "Ah!" said Sir John, "I have often thought of it." And married they were!

There are fatalities which seem to attend upon some lovers—strange events, unexpected meetings, which sometimes promote, sometimes prevent proposals. A marriage took place, not many years ago, in the great world, where the two lovers (long attached but separated by the desire of their parents) met under an archway while each taking refuge in London from a sudden shower of rain. Neither of them had the least idea of the nighborhood of the other, when the sudden meeting occurred which decided the course of their future lives. In another case the engagement was broken off on account of limited means, and the gentleman went abroad. Returning after some years' absence, he arrived late on the railway platform, and rushed into the first carriage he reached, just as the train was in motion. In it he found (with her mother) the lady he had been so long vainly endeavoring to forget, and the meeting ended in one of the happiest of marriages.

In matrimony, as in other affairs, it is all-important to put the critical question in the way best adapted to the character and disposition of the person concerned. A gentleman who had several sisters—agreeable, sensible, and, some of them, fine looking women—was one day asked how it happened that they all reached middle age unmarried. "I will explain," he replied: "*Proposals* without attentions, and attentions without *proposals;* and this is the clue to my sisters' single life." To take an opposite example. A friend of mine with a warm heart and quick impulses, is much in the habit of decidedly negativing any proposition when first made to her, merely on account of its novelty. One day, while referring to her happy marriage, I inquired how it happened, with her dislike to new suggestions, that she did not say *No*, when her husband proposed to her. "Ah!" she said, "I did, but he knew my habit, and put the question in such a way, that saying no meant yes."

Lastly.—Always secure your retreat in love as in war. This is a precaution never to be neglected. Mr. A——, brother to the late Lord Z——, whose proud and haughty temper was proverbial, proposed to a lady in Portman Square Gardens. After being refused, the rejected lover turned away from her in great indignation, but, finding the gate of the garden locked, was obliged to return to the lady and petition for the key. Another case, still more trying, was that of a gentleman travelling in the north of America, who, after being hospitably received in the house of an officer high in command there, proposed to his host's daughter the evening before his intended departure, and was refused. A deep fall of snow came on in the night; the roads became impassable; and the poor man, to his unspeakable mortification, was detained for a week in the house with the lady who had rejected him.

Such are some of the incidents relating to proposals which occur to me at this moment. Stranger and more varied cases will probably rise up to the memory of most of my readers, surrounded, in some instances, by sad and softening recollections; embittered, in others, by long and unavailing regrets.

Pause, then, and prosper, my young readers. Bear with you on your pathway that elderly chaperon's best wishes for your happy entrance into this land of promise. Remember the Italian proverb:—

"*E' meglio arrivato*
Che di buon' domani e cimato,"

and believe that a marriage based on mutual esteem, built up by lasting affection, and crowned with heaven's blessing, is the fair remnant left us on earth of the institutions of Paradise.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A CURIOUS REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

The following ingenious composition, says the last Historical Journal, appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper years ago. Its author is unknown. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz: in three different ways. 1. Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. 2. Then the lines downward on the *left* of each comma in every line; and 3, in the same manner on the *right* of each comma. By the first reading, it will be observed, that the revolutionary cause is depicted, and lauded by the others:—

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight;
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast;
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart;
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North, that British lord, may honors still be done;
I wish a block, or cord, to General Washington.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

Professor Rogers has solved the problem of seeing through a mill-stone. In a paper read before the Scientific Association at Newport, he says:—

"Take a sheet of foolscap or letter paper; roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye, and at the other end let the opening be not half so large. Take it in the right hand, holding it between the thumb and forefinger; place the large end to the right eye, and look through it both eyes open towards the light. *You will see a hole through your hand.*

"If you take it in your left hand, and hold it to your left eye, it will be the same. You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand. The illusion is most complete."

From this and other experiments, he concludes that an impression made on the retina of either eye cannot of itself enable us to determine on which retina it is received, and that the visual perception belongs to the part of the optical apparatus near or within the brain which belongs in common to both eyes.

The Power of the Heart.—Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to swing forward and back through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at a fire, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent, too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

Happiness and Duty.—We know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly or unwomanly, and craven than the everlasting sighing for "happiness." Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their *Duty*, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the Universe! the heart and mind are brought (and reverently it is said) in contact with the Creator and Ruler and Father of all—the Perfect Bliss.

Latent Beauties.—Nature is bountiful even in her sternest mood, and not only has her solace for vicissitude, but actually reserves some of her bounties as the necessary accompaniments of pain. Some beauties are only disclosed by destruction. It is death exhibits the dying dolphin's riches in the way of color. Death and decortication are needed to lay bare the exquisite pearl bark of the nautilus, covered in life by a sad and slimy cloak. Fracture alone discloses the prismatic hues of the sober-surfaced flint.

A FEW WORDS TO MOTHERS.

One great trial, and source of depression, to a married woman, surrounded with a family of little children, is the small amount she can do; it seems literally, as month after month rolls by, as if she accomplished nothing. Life seems a blank, only filled up with petty cares, that wear out, and corrode, and canker, the frail tenement of flesh, but leave no trace behind.

"Oh! if I could only live for something! I could cheerfully bear all the burdens time brings to me!" is the desponding cry of many a mother; but, mother, look back on your own childhood, and then tell me if you do not live for something! Years ago, tired, hungry, from your out-door play, who brought you the nice bowl, brimming with milk, that tasted sweeter to you than the rarest dish to the epicure? Who folded you in her arms, and rocked you to sleep as gently as the bee is rocked in its bed of roses? Who gave bright smiles and kisses, when your little heart was quivering with pain, from the harsh, unfeeling words of some playmate? Whose soft step, and light touch, and whispered words of prayer, drove away the images of fear that darkness to the child is too often peopled with, and left brightness in the belief of a protecting, sleepless care over all? Who fanned your fevered brow, and held the cooling draught, that dripped from the gray rocks in the woods, which you had dreamed of all night, to your lips, and talked pleasantly of heaven, when your little feet seemed almost ready to step into Death's dark river, and you shrank trembling back from the hurrying waters? Who gave you the pleasant memories of childhood, that have stolen to your heart as gently as the dew to the flower, through the long, long years, and brought light and joy to the darkest hour of your life? Name your price for these memories, and then I can tell you what you are accomplishing! What if God had said to your youngest, that pet one, with soft silken ringlets, and rosy dimpled fat hand, who is catching at the buttons on your dress, "He is a little thing, I will not mind about his sight." Think of those laughing, sparkling, "pretty, pretty eyes," as you have said a hundred times, as sightless orbs; never again turning to his little crib, to find him watching you from under the soft lace; never starting from sleep as he clasps his arms around your neck, and raising your head from the pillow to catch a view in the clear moonlight of his loving eyes; never again joying at glimpses of baby's mind, through the mind's windows.

What if God had said, "He is a little thing, I will not mind about his intellect?" Just look at your sweet baby, laughing, cooing, forever touching some chord of pride and joy, and then clasp a soulless casket in your arms. His cheek is fair and delicately tinted, his hair golden as a sunbeam, but his poor little mouth and eyes! No answering smile, no grieved look, no wondering glance, nothing but a vacant stare. *Think of watching and yearning so for one look of intelligence,* and when you catch your breath with joy to think it is yours, have it end in a smile of mere muscle, a contortion of the lips. Oh, the disappointment! the death of a loved one brings no sorrow like that!

God, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light," has great and stupendous things before Him, but not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice; and if a bird is worthy of His care, need mothers complain that time, talents, strength, must be given for the comfort and training of the little ones, who each have a soul undying as eternity? Perhaps when time passes, and those loved children go out from the maternal nest, and their hearts grow hard and callous in the battle of life, some—what you now think trifling, valueless—act may come back to them as a sweet memory, that will permeate the hard crust which is closing around them, and leave it open to all kind, pure influences. We cannot see the end from the beginning, so let us trust Him who can, and accept our work cheerfully, if it does debar us from entering into the achievement of what—we are often tempted to think—are the great deeds of life.

Malleable Glass.—Malleable glass is a curiosity of science, although, doubtless, the glaziers would demur to its introduction into practical existence and utility, at least for window panes. Malleable glass was made in old Rome; and in the reign of Tiberius, a Roman artist had, according to Pliny, his home demolished—according to other writers he was beheaded—for making glass malleable. The idea of discovering the secret was only ranked second to that of the philosopher's stone among alchemists; but in 1845, there is stated to have been discovered at St. Etienne, in France, the means of rendering glass as malleable when cold as when first drawn from the pot. The substance, silicon, is combined with various other substances, and can be obtained opaque or transparent as crystal; it is described as very ductile and malleable, neither air nor acids acting on it.—*Timbs.*

A Fanciful Yacht.—They are building at Exmouth a yacht in the form of a swan. The sails project on each side in the shape of wings, and a novel mode of propulsion is adopted by using a pair of feet at the bottom of the vessel, which are constructed of steel and web, so contrived that, in moving forward, the foot contracts, but in moving backwards it expands, thus imitating the motion of a swan's foot and propelling the vessel. The yacht is provided with a cookery apparatus and a dining-table. On removing the top of the table, ladies can fish through an opening in the bottom of the vessel.

Sewing Machines.—One thousand men are employed in the United States in the manufacture of sewing machine needles, and the profits on them amount to nearly three hundred thousand dollars a year. Since the introduction of the sewing machine, the sale of spool cotton has increased to the extent of more than a million and a half annually.

SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

When the celebrated Grotius was imprisoned in the castle of Louvestein, his wife, Marie de Reigesberg, followed him thither to endeavor, by her presence and affectionate attentions, to alleviate the miseries of a long captivity. While she was with him, her tenderness suggested a singular stratagem for his escape.

Grotius was at that time occupied in writing the works which acquired for him so great a celebrity, and having occasion for a great number of books, he requested and obtained permission to borrow all that he should require. He sent a large trunk for these books, into which he likewise put his own linen and that of his wife. When he had consumed these books and was done with them, they were returned, and fresh ones brought in like manner.

After about a year and a half had elapsed, during which Grotius had undergone a rigorous captivity, Marie, observing that the guards, weary of finding nothing in the trunk but books and linen, no longer took the pains to search it, persuaded Grotius to place himself in it instead of the books, having previously made some holes in the part where his head would lie, to admit the air. During two days before the execution of this project, she made him stay near the fire in an arm-chair, and she pretended to be much afflicted at her husband's indisposition. On the day that the books were to be taken away, having put Grotius in the trunk, she drew the curtains of his bed very close, and requested the man who fetched away the box to do it as quietly as he could. With much difficulty he placed it on his shoulders and carried it out, complaining bitterly of the heaviness of the burden. In this manner was Grotius conveyed to Gorcum, to the house of one of his friends, and from thence he went to Antwerp, disguised as a miller. Immediately after their departure, Marie had dressed herself in her husband's clothes, and taken a seat by the fire, lest the jailor should come in; but when she thought her husband in safety, she went herself to inform the guards of his escape, upbraiding them with the little care they took of their prisoners. Ashamed to construe this contrivance into a crime, they permitted her to rejoin her husband.

ALLEGED FACTS.

Even the experienced trainers of the prize-ring cannot decide what is the best food for training men up to their greatest powers of endurance. They have a prejudice in favor of mutton chops and under-done beefsteaks; but it is by no means sure that this is best. The Roman soldiers—who conquered the world, and built roads from Lisbon to Constantinople, and who were all trained athletes, marching under a weight of armor and luggage that few men in our day could carry—lived on coarse, brown wheat or barley bread, which they dipped in sour wine.

In our own day, the Spanish peasants are among the strongest and most agile men in the world. He will work all day in a copper mine, or at the olive press, or the wine press, under a hot sun, and then dance half the night to the music of a guitar. What does *he live on?* A piece of black bread, an onion, perhaps half a watermelon. You may see him dipping his piece of bread into a horn of olive oil, and then into some vinegar, made hot with pepper and garlic, and he is happy. Sometimes he gets a draught of harsh, sour wine, but not strong. All the strong wine is sent to England.

The Smyrna porter walks off with a load of eight hundredweight. His only food, day after day, is a little fruit—a handful of dates, a few figs, a bunch of grapes, some olives. He eats no beef, pork, or mutton. His whole food does not cost him a penny a day.

The Coolie, living on his rice, can outwork the negro, fed on bacon. The Arab, living on rice and dates, conquered half the world.

The most tremendous muscular force, and the greatest powers of endurance, may be nourished upon a very moderate diet. We eat too much. Many people eat breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper—five meals a day, and three of them hearty ones. Our sanitary reformers have not looked much to the diet question; will they allow us to call their attention in that direction? The stomach is the centre and citadel of organic life. It is worth a little consideration, as well as the lungs and skin, which depend upon it.

St. Swithin Defied.—There is now before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, "a wonderful invention of Mons. Helvetius Otto, of Leipsic, by which he promises to insure fine weather." He erects a platform at a considerable height in the air, on which he places a "propeller," or huge bellows, worked by steam. With these bellows, which are "very powerful," he blows away the clouds as they gather; and, as rain comes from the clouds, it must necessary follow that where clouds are not allowed to gather there can be no rain. He maintains that if a certain number of his "Rain Propellers," or "Pluvifuges," as he has named them, are placed at intervals over the city, he can provide for the inhabitants a continuance of fine weather, and a certain protection from sudden showers and muddy streets, so long the terror of fair pedestrians. The poor inhabitants of adjoining towns would be to be pitied. What would become of them? As for the Pluvifuge proprietors, their motto ought to be "*Apres nous le deluge.*" Victims, however, as we in England have of late been to wet weather, still we cannot blame the Frenchman's "Pluvifuges," inasmuch as France itself has been in nearly the same predicament—at least the northern parts of it.—*English Paper.*

Artificial Leather.—A firm in Amherst, Mass., are manufacturing about fifteen hundred pounds of artificial leather daily, from scraps of leather and old pieces of rope. It has not been introduced out of New England, yet the demand is reported to be greater than the supply. The process of making is similar to that of making paper.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS CAME TO BE CALLED SUCKERS.

Senator Douglas, in his speech at Petersburg, gave the following amusing account:—

About the year 1776, a man by the name of George Rogers Clarke, applied to the Governor of Virginia, and suggested to him that, as peace might any time be declared between Great Britain and the colonies, it would be well for us to be in possession of the Northwest territory—that which is now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—so that when the Commissioners came to negotiate the treaty of peace, we might act on the well-known principle of *uti posseditis*, each party holding all they had in possession. He suggested to the Governor that he should permit him to go out to the Northwest, conquer the country, and hold it until the treaty of peace, when we would become possessed of it. The Governor consented, and sent him across the mountains to Pittsburg. From there he and his company floated down the Ohio to the falls where Louisville now is, and after remaining there a short time they again took to their rafts, and floated down to the Salines, just below Shawneetown, in Illinois. Here they took up their march across the country to Kaskaskia, where there were a number of French, who had formed a settlement there, and by means of a guide, they reached the Oquaw river, and encamped near Peter Menard's house, some little distance from the town. You see I am well acquainted with the locality. [Laughter and applause.] They reached there at night, and early the next morning, Clarke got his little army of ragamuffins together, (for they had no army wagons with supplies, no sutler, and no stores, and by this time began to look ragged and wretched enough,) and took up his line of march for the little French town of Kaskaskia. It was summer, and a very hot day, and as he entered the town, he saw the Frenchmen belonging to it, sitting quietly on the little verandahs in front of their houses, *sucking* their juleps through a straw, and he rushed on them, crying "*surrender, you suckers, you!*" [Great laughter.] The Frenchmen surrendered, and from that day to this, Illinoisans have been known as "suckers." [Renewed laughter.]

That was the origin of our cognomen, and when Geo. Rogers Clarke returned to Virginia, he introduced the juleps here. Laughter. Now I want to give Virginians fair notice that when they claim the honor of Jefferson, of a Madison, of a Marshall, of a Wythe, of a George Mason, and of as many other distinguished sages and patriots as the world ever saw, we yield; when you claim the glory you achieved on the field of battle, we yield; when you claim credit for the cession of the Northwest Territory that out of it Sovereign States might be created, we yield; when you claim the glory of never having polled a vote against the Democratic party, we yield; but when you claim the glory of the mint julep, hands off; Illinois wants that. (Shouts of laughter and applause.] All the praise that is entitled to it, belongs to "the *suckers*."

SLEEP.

What is sleep? We do not know, we can only say that it is a condition belonging to almost every animal organism, which seems naturally brought about by the activities of that organism, and which in some unexplained manner helps to reinstate the exhausted energy of brain and muscle. As to the sleep of plants, the true phenomena of sleep are restricted to the brain and the higher senses; there can be no sleep where these are absent.

Certain phenomena concerning sleep have been well observed; but the organic condition, or sum of conditions, on which these depend, remains so entire a mystery, that we cannot venture on a tolerable definition of sleep. Let us be content with defining some of its leading characteristics. Look at that child; wearied with play he has thrown himself upon the ground, and resting a flushed cheek on one arm, he lies there breathing equably, with motionless limbs, eyes closed, brain shut out from lights and noises round him. If you touch his hand he withdraws it; if you tickle his cheek he will impatiently turn his head aside; but, even should he turn his whole body round, he will not, perhaps, open his eyes—will not know who it is, or what it is, that molests him; he will not wake. His mind, engaged in dreams, is disengaged from external things; they may make impressions on him, excite sensations in him, but these sensations are not wrought up into knowledge. His senses are dormant, or but feebly active, and his brain is busy with dreams; his limbs motionless, his fingers relax their grasp, and the muscles of his neck no longer support his head. But the heart beats vigorously, and pumps the blood incessantly all over the body, the chest expands and contracts, the stomach and intestines digest, and all the secretions are going on. We thus perceive how superficial is the analogy of sleep and death, supposed by the ancients to be brothers, and even by moderns supposed to resemble each other so closely that death is called an eternal sleep. But, strictly speaking, there is not only no true antagonism between sleep and life, there is not even an antagonism between sleep and waking. In death *all* the activities peculiar to the vital organism cease; in sleep they *all continue*. Sleep is a form of life, not a cessation of life.—*Lewes' Physiology.*

Our Ancestors.—Mr. Darwin, whose treatise on the development of species has been the book of the season, did not appear at the British Association. His place was, however, well filled by Mr. Huxley, who had to do battle for the new doctrine. "If I may be allowed to inquire," said the Bishop of Oxford, "would you rather have had an ape for your grandfather or grandmother?" "I would rather have had apes on both sides for my ancestors," replied the naturalist, unabashed, "than human beings so warped by prejudice that they were afraid to behold the truth."

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shatting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows lined the banks;
Half in thought and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

Pretty Katie, Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.

Katie answered, with a laugh—
You shall carry only half;
And then, tossing back her curls—
Boys are weak as well as girls;
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all,
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook—
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?
And she answered, with a laugh—
No, but you may carry half!

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing, with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long—and deep—and wide—
And has—ROCKERS AT THE SIDE!

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Kingswood had no sooner ascertained that Lady Maud had been rescued by Erle, and that both were unhurt, than he hurried to the privacy of his library, in order to escape from the observations poured into his ears on all sides respecting Erle.

Congratulations he could have accepted with condescending equanimity of manner, but remarks connecting the gallantry of Erle with an illustrious origin, his high spirit with gentle lineage, his unflinching, sustained resolution and noble devotion to unsullied blood, springing from a lofty fount, were to him especially distasteful if not offensive.

They were as well embarrassing, for they seemed to call forth explanations which he was reluctant to offer, because he knew that they must necessarily be a tissue of falsehoods.

His situation, altogether, was what he considered cruelly perplexing. An interregnum of years had passed untroubled. He had for a time forgotten his unhappy victim and the child purloined by his directions, and supposed by him to have afterwards died. Even conscience, which had now and then dealt him a sharp thrust, slumbered, perhaps; thrust out of the way by ambition, a door was opened to him to achieve political influence if not distinction. The world smiled, fawned upon him, and was beginning to bow down to him. Even at the very instant when, with exulting smile, he was mentally contemplating the shining path to gilded honors, Ishmael Malpas intruded upon him like a spirit of darkness. His glorious vision was shattered at a blow, and he discovered himself struggling in dark and troubled waters. His first distraction was softened by his interview with Erle, and in spite of the suggestions and menaces of Ishmael, he decided on keeping the boy secluded until he had decided what he should do with him. Lady Kingswood had defeated that intention; she had forced Erle from his seclusion, had paraded him a nameless unknown, as it were, before his guests; had compelled him, Lord Kingswood, to make an unfortunate admission respecting Erle to the Marquis of Chillingham, and had contributed to bring about the incident of the morning, which would of course be speedily noised over the country.

All hope of keeping him at Kingswood unnoticed or unregarded was dissipated. It was clear that he would be the lion at that day's dinner party, which was to be increased by numerous invites sent out days before Erle's unwelcome arrival. And it was equally clear that the coined story of his extraction would be sifted, the Army list searched, and every person within reach of question by mouth or letter, bearing the name of Gower, would be examined as to the degree of relationship borne to this youth, or whether he was connected with them by any ties of affinity at all.

It was also as certain that, if the visitors at Kingswood Manor did not pursue this investigation, Lady Kingswood would.

Here was his great, almost overwhelming difficulty, and, after all, it was this very difficulty which drove him to his library.

The inquisitive researches and tattling gossip of gazers and talkers, though annoying, and in some respects calculated to prove vexatiously inconvenient, became a matter of trifling consideration when compared with the gravity of the searching investigation likely to be made by Lady Kingswood, and the results which must follow her discovery of the real truth.

With Erle a constant resident beneath his roof, Lady Kingswood's suspicions would be always receiving fresh stimulus. The very sight of him would foster and keep alive her curiosity, and induce her to harbor the wildest conjectures, of which, as he knew by experience, she would not fail to give him the full benefit.

If he could manage to get rid of Erle, if he could only arrange to successfully set him down for life in Russian America, at Jeddo in Japan, or Nigritia in Central Africa, the very delicate subject of his origin, as well as the fact of his existence, might fade from the memory of Lady Kingswood. But with him ever in her eyes, the desire to make herself acquainted with every fact connected with his parentage, and the true cause of the interest Lord Kingswood, in spite of himself, was compelled to acknowledge that he took in him, would be followed by every possible effort to satisfy it. Lord Kingswood knew only too well that she would unscrupulously employ any agency, or resort to any means she could grasp to satisfy her curiosity, and it became really a matter of importance to his pride as well as to his domestic peace, to remove far away the object of his uneasiness.

It was easy to come to this conclusion, but the consequences were to be considered.

It was impossible to ignore the existence of Ishmael Malpas, or, as he knew him, Horace Vernon. He remembered his character only too well. Firm, determined, daring, as a boy, he was no less resolute, energetic, fearless, as a young man. Steadfast, persevering, undiscouraged by check or difficulty, he pursued his course until he had obtained the object he worked for.

Lord Kingswood knew so much of him, and it was hard to reconcile his conduct respecting the loss of the woman he loved with the nature he knew him to possess. His lordship, when he had successfully perpetrated his act of villainy in enticing his victim from the man who really loved her, expected that man to call him to account. His lordship was a dead shot, and a perfect master of fence; he calculated upon a duel, in which he should either wing his opponent with a bullet, or pierce the fleshy part of his sword-arm, or pink him near the fifth rib, and there the matter would end.

But he heard nothing of Horace Vernon after the flight of his betrothed. He simply disappeared and "was heard no more." His lordship believed the child to be disposed of, and what had become of the mother he did not know and would not care.

His return to England, married to the woman to whom he had been betrothed, was unmasked by the startling appearance of the creature he had so cruelly duped, or the unwelcome presence of the man he had so deeply wronged. His own nervous anticipations and forebodings at length died away, and if he cast a thought upon her who had so often hung about his neck with devoted loving-tenderness, it was after he had had an altercation with Lady Kingswood upon some occasion on which her unprincipled selfishness had been rather sternly developed.

Then he thought of her with a bitter pang, and then it was that an impression stole over him that retribution had many shapes.

However, the long silence had been broken by a tremendous crash. The offspring of that unhappy connexion, supposed dead, was beneath his roof, and at his back a relentless foe. He was placed at an instant on the horns of a terrible dilemma. If he disposed of Erle, in some prompt and definite way, he brought down upon him the wrath, and Heaven alone knew what with it, of Horace Vernon. If he suffered him to remain a member of his household, and treated him with the respect due to his son and heir, he should have perhaps to encounter the dreadful consequences of Lady Kingswood's discovery, that though married to him she was not his wife, and that his, their son, Cyril, was—oh, fearful shock to her pride—illegitimate.

The very thought of such a discovery frenzied him, and he resolved to dare Vernon's direst vengeance rather than the frantic wrath of Lady Kingswood.

But how to get rid of Erle, how obtain his consent to banish himself to some remote spot until his reappearance would be unattended by any unpleasant consequences! The boy was certainly high-spirited, haughty, and self-willed, required considerable management to guide and control, and having been impressed with a notion that he had a right to be at Kingswood—that it was a duty he owed to himself, and an act of justice to one whose claims he maintained by his presence there—it promised to be no light task to persuade him that the only proper place for him to inhabit, was some remote spot where the British flag was seen once in a century.

Still it was imperative that he should be sent away, and having resolved that—with many misgivings, it being, as he perceived, the least of two great evils—it remained only to decide upon the agency.

In reflecting upon the unpalatable necessity, he felt the want of the aid of counsel, and it occurred to him that his faithful Pharisee, who had served him so long, so well, and so unscrupulously, might help him to effect his purpose. It was not possible to carry out his project without a confederate, and he could think of no one who would so well enact the part as his valet.

He rang the bell that summoned the man, and almost immediately Pharisee made his appearance.

Pharisee, in common with the household, had heard of Lady Maud's accident, and Erle's brilliant rescue. He had contrived to mix with the group that had welcomed Erle and Lady Maud's arrival. He had picked up all he could by the use of his quick ears, in order to repeat it, to his advantage, to Lord Kingswood, and in returning to the house, he perceived Lord Kingswood, with chagrin, plainly marked on his pale face, striding in the same direction.

Pharisee guessed that his services would be called into requisition, and he placed himself in the vicinity of the library. So, when, as he expected, the bell rang, he was very prompt in answering it.

Well acquainted with every shade of expression Lord Kingswood's face was accustomed to exhibit, he was unprepared to find it so anxious and haggard as now he beheld it. But he kept his amazement concealed, and glided up to the harrassed nobleman much in the same apathetic way as when merely required to assist his lordship to dress.

On reaching his master, he paused and waited for a communication.

He had to wait some little time, for Lord Kingswood knew not how to break the subject rankling in his mind to him.

At length, in a sleek, insinuating voice, Pharisee said—

"Your lordship, I believe, rung for me."

Lord Kingswood, who, with furtive glance, had observed him enter the room with noiseless step, started from a reclining position in his easy-chair, which he had purposely assumed, as though he had awakened suddenly from a troubled dream.

"Ah—a—Pharisee—yes, I rung for you," his lordship returned, with a hesitating manner of speech. "The fact is, I want to have some conversation with you upon a subject which perplexes and confounds me."

Pharisee bowed very low, but offered no observation.

"Yes," continued Lord Kingswood, with a thoughtful air, "I want your advice—well, not, perhaps, your advice, but your opinion—at least, your assistance in an affair of a singularly delicate nature."

"I am your lordship's devoted servant," returned Pharisee, with an oriental bend.

"So I believe, Pharisee, or I should decidedly not consult with you in the present matter," was his lordship's response.

"I have served your lordship faithfully for many years," continued Pharisee, with artful plausibility, "may I hope that the steadfastness and consistency with which I have ever fulfilled the duties your lordship has been pleased to favor me by entrusting me with, will give me some small claim to the confidence your lordship seems disposed to honor me by reposing in me."

"Say a strong claim, Pharisee," returned his lordship, with a well assumed, affable condescension. "In short, from the manner in which you have performed the services required of you by me, I have every right to suppose that you will ably execute any little mission I may entrust you with."

"I will do my utmost zealously and faithfully to discharge any service your lordship may graciously confide to me."

"Well, Pharisee, then I request your attention to what I am about to communicate to you," said his lordship, affecting a calmness of manner he did not feel. "You have lived with me the greater portion of my married life, Pharisee, and you are, of course, acquainted with its principal incidents. But a—ahem—a—there were events—there were circumstances—I say there were occurrences which took place previous to my marriage, which—which I have kept closely hidden within my own breast, and—"

Lord Kingswood detected, as he thought, a little too much inquisitive eagerness in the eye of his devoted servant, he therefore, added, a little quickly and very emphatically—

"Of course I intend to keep them where they now rest, undisclosed."

Pharisee dropped his eye instantly upon the carpet, and inwardly cursed his own want of tact.

Lord Kingswood resumed—

"Out of those occurrences, Pharisee, there has suddenly sprung into being a youth, who has settled himself in the very heart of my home."

Pharisee gazed steadfastly at the carpet, and remained intent as well as motionless.

"You, of course, guess to whom I allude, Pharisee," said Lord Kingswood, glancing up beneath his eyebrows at him.

"Mr. Gower, my lord," murmured Pharisee, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Mr. Gower," repeated Lord Kingswood, promptly. "You are right, Pharisee. Well, I am under certain engagements—made—a—made, I say, in the heyday and folly of youth, to protect and to provide for this youth, who—a—I—I—a may say possesses not—a not—the ghost—I say, not the shadow of a legal nor—well, I think I am justified in saying, nor a moral claim upon me. Nevertheless, I am called upon to fulfil these embarrassing engagements, and I cannot very well help complying with—a—the—the—de—mand," the last word came out very reluctantly: "but," continued his lordship, quickly, "I do not intend to say that, as a matter of honor I object to comply, though I confess that my acquiescence occasions me the very greatest perplexity and inconvenience."

"Your lordship, I presume, refers to the presence of Mr. Gower at Kingswood?" suggested Pharisee, gently, and with a slight hesitation in his delivery.

"Exactly, Pharisee," returned his lordship, almost eagerly, "his presence here occasions me very great embarrassment, because it calls for explanations which it is impossible for me to give—"

"I understand your lordship," suggested Pharisee, in a meaning tone.

Lord Kingswood reddened.

"No, you do not understand me, Pharisee," he rejoined, sharply; "and, further, I do not require you to interpret my suggestion. What I desire you to understand I will be very explicit in communicating. Though myself not personally affected by the explanations to which I have allluded, there are others whose interests might be injured, and their position compromised, were I to enter into matters which really concern no other person but Mr. Gower, and—the—the individuals with whom he is secretly connected. Lady Kingswood, like many, I might, with truth, perhaps say, in common with the rest of her sex—is not likely to remain satisfied with the statement I have given her, similar to that I have just made to you. Unwilling to subscribe to the sacredness of a trust reposed in me, she will wish to know every little fact and detail connected with the history of Mr. Gower, which, to a certain extent, I cannot give if I would, and my determined refusal to her request may lead to inconveniences which I am especially desirous to avoid at the present time. I am desirous to act well and liberally to Mr. Gower, to advance his future, to do anything to enhance his comfort and happiness, but—a—not here."

His lordship paused, and Pharisee slowly raised his eyes.

He now quite understood that his lordship wished to get rid of Mr. Gower; but how?

That expression "get rid of," was a very wide one—in some senses, a very significant one.

He slowly perused Lord Kingswood's features, but he did not read there the villanous thoughts which crossed his own vile mind.

Lord Kingswood remained silent, and Pharisee therefore knew an observation was expected from him.

"It can scarcely be a question of difficulty, my lord," he presently observed, in his usual oily tone. "Remove Mr. Gower to some other part of the kingdom."

"You do not understand, Pharisee, that he has been brought hither to remain here," rejoined Lord Kingswood, in a suggestive tone.

"Ah!" ejaculated Pharisee, "I am not wrong, I presume, in supposing that, although your lordship wishes for his departure, you do not desire it to be known that his removal emanates from you."

"You are quick of comprehension, I perceive, Pharisee," replied Lord Kingswood. "You have truly conjectured my position: you have arrived at my singular difficulty."

"It does not strike me as being a difficulty of an extraordinary character," rejoined Pharisee, in a slow, soft tone.

"No?" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, interrogatively.

"No, my lord," responded Pharisee.

"Proceed to explain your views," said Lord Kingswood, leaning back in his chair, and eyeing his crafty valet with an eager curiosity.

"Youth is fond of change," commenced Pharisee. "At Mr. Gower's age the mind is active and restless. It does not rest content in one place. The wonders of London, described in glowing terms to Mr. Gower, would create within his breast an ardent yearning to visit its gay scenes. London, my lord, has many temptations, many follies, many vices. A youth yielding to its temptations, springs from folly to folly, and leaps thence into excesses: the step from excess to vice is short. Your lordship, learning from sources on which you can rely, that such a course has been pursued, will certainly be thoroughly justified in removing your patronage, and withdrawing, in fact, your countenance from him, very properly forbidding him appearing in your presence again!"

"Um!" mused Lord Kingswood, "a neat contrivance; but it will not do. He would remain in London, and might talk. No, if he could be persuaded to emigrate to some distant region, where, if not killed by the climate, he would not, at all events, return to England, my object would be attained."

A sinister smile stole over the cadaverous features of Pharisee. In the same slow, insinuating tones, he said—

"Does not your lordship imagine that a youth having grossly committed himself, and being sharply awakened to a sense of his humiliating position by your just and unappeasable displeasure, would eagerly seize an offer to provide him with a passage to some distant land, together with a sum of money to give him a start in life on his arrival there? With humble deference to your lordship, I think that such a plan would succeed to perfection, because the youth, knowing how culpably he had acted here, would proceed to any other portion of the globe rather than return to this."

Lord Kingswood received the suggestion with some little excitement. He rose up, and paced the chamber, exhibiting a degree of feverish anxiety quite comforting to Pharisee, who stood motionless as a statue, but followed Lord Kingswood with his shifty, restless eyes, as he passed and repassed him.

He was unacquainted with the harassing considerations which formed the train of thought racing through Lord Kingswood's mind, but he was quite satisfied that though his lordship had denied being personally affected in revelations connected with the history of Erle Gower, he was deeply implicated in them. He was equally sure that his lordship would assent to his proposition. He had long yearned to obtain a complete and fearful power over Lord Kingswood through some remarkable cause, and now he saw it fairly within his reach.

His bosom throbbed and heaved violently, the veins in his forehead swelled like cords, his nerves tingled and pricked, and his teeth knit themselves closely together, because he saw dancing before his eyes, and within his grasp, the long-hoped-for prize.

Yet he stood motionless, his face a shade ghastlier in its sallowness, but his features rigidly immovable. His eyes alone in their flashing restlessness, and the persistency with which they watched the movements of Lord Kingswood, alone betraying the tumult of his concealed feelings.

At last, Lord Kingswood resumed his seat, and in a vexed, impatient tone, he exclaimed,

"I am afraid I see no other way to attain an end in which it is no use disguising that my happiness, and the distinctions I am seeking, are involved; but the instructions I ought to give you, they perplex, distress, confound me, I cannot find it in my soul to direct you to—"

"Take any step in the matter," sleekly interposed Pharisee; "it will be unnecessary for your lordship to do so. I foresaw that difficulty, and I provide for it by requesting your lordship to give me no instructions whatever, but to leave to me the working out of the scheme. Your lordship shall remain in utter ignorance of the proceedings of Mr. Gower until the proper time. Every proposition for change shall emanate from him. He shall not know other than that you are warmly interested in his future welfare, and when he flies, degraded, dishonored, humiliated, he shall be in no position to blame or curse any one but himself for what has happened. Your lordship's conscience may rest very lightly as to any participation in events which shall ensure his downfall."

The face of Lord Kingswood brightened. He gazed steadfastly in the face of his devoted servant.

"I believe, Pharisee, you are attached to me," he exclaimed.

"My long and continuous service, my lord, I believe fairly answers that question," rejoined Pharisee, in a meek tone.

"And I think you are devoted to my interests," continued Lord Kingswood.

"Your lordship has not had occasion, I think, to question my trustworthiness," was the equally modest reply.

"No, I am sure I have not," responded Lord Kingswood. He drew a long breath, and then slowly added—"My very good Pharisee, I leave the whole of this matter entirely in your hands. What has transpired between us will remain concealed in your breast, and buried in my own. From time to time, if need be, you can draw on me for such amounts as you may need for secret service. You understand, Pharisee?"

The valet, with a sickly smile, bent his head.

"When the affair has terminated you may rely upon my honor for an adequate reward," concluded his lordship.

Pharisee bowed again in reply, and mentally said, "I mean to take it," but he did not utter a word.

"There will be no further occasion, I suppose, to discuss this matter between us again, Pharisee?" observed Lord Kingswood, intending to close the interview here.

"No, my lord," returned the valet, "unless something very unexpected or unforeseen occurs. I may suggest, however, that your lordship will not allow the plan to be consummated at too early a date. It will take time. I must work with the greatest care and caution. Mr. Gower has a nature which will not submit to dictation—he cannot be driven, he is difficult to guide, and yet more difficult to lead. But he is proud, haughty, and impressionable. I shall have to work upon the sensitive and sentimental part of his nature, and at first my progress will be slow, but when he has once started, he will hurry along with a heedless velocity which will give your lordship no reason to complain of further delay."

"Very good; then he will continue to remain here for the present," said Lord Kingswood, with a shade of dissatisfaction on his face.

"Until, my lord, he demands rather than asks, your lordship to permit him to go to London," responded Pharisee, with a cunning leer.

"I understand," replied his lordship, a little more satisfied, adding, "Where have you placed him now, Pharisee? It was a dreadful mistake to place him in those old, unused rooms."

Lord Kingswood instinctively shuddered.

"Lady Kingswood gave the orders to prepare those rooms," answered Pharisee, quickly. "Her ladyship, I presume, was desirous that the young gentle—"

Lord Kingswood frowned.

"I ask you, Pharisee, where you have now located Mr. Gower?"

Pharisee informed him.

"They are too near Cyril's rooms," he exclaimed, thoughtfully. "I do not wish their intimacy to grow;" he shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot help myself," he muttered. "I have a hard part to play, and I must do the best I can with it."

The library door opened, and a footman appeared. He bore a message from Erle to Lord Kingswood, requesting to be excused from appearing at dinner that day, pleading a severe headache as a ground for the request he made. Lord Kingswood readily assented, for he had looked forward to the dinner as a source of especial annoyance, owing to the incident of the morning. He felt that, with Erle absent, he should be enabled to play the host to his numerous guests with all the animation, spirit, and vivacity he could exert, in order to secure their political influence in his favor, and he terminated his interview with Pharisee with a far lighter heart and more cheerful countenance than he had commenced it.

Pharisee, too, hastened to Lord Kingswood's dressing-room to prepare his lordship's dinner dress, and in a tone of passionate exultation, he said to himself—

"My triumph approaches. It is said a worm stings. I have been treated as a worm—oh, but I'll sting like a scorpion."

CHAPTER X.

Erle, chafing with ire, strode with swift steps to the chambers which he had occupied since his arrival at the Manor-house. He found the sitting-room more grim, bleak, and lonely than ever. No fire burned cheerily on the wide hearth, the few signs of life and animation which had in some degree lifted it out of the solemn gloom which overspread it, were removed, and the dark, old chamber looked more chill, silent, and dreary than it had yet seemed to him.

He entered the bed-room, and the same change seemed to have come over it. The large, antique, four-post bedstead, deprived of its curtains, looked ghastly and skeleton-like, the table was shorn of its ornaments, and the high-backed chairs, unoccupied even by a stray garment, stood bolt-upright against the black oaken wainscoting with a kind of terrifying, prim formality.

He saw at a glance, that his wardrobe had been removed, and he began to marvel wherefore, unless Lord Kingswood, over whom so agreeable a change appeared to have come, had ordered him to be removed to more cheerful quarters.

While this thought crossed him, his eye fell upon the portrait over the fireplace.

A strange and violent thrill ran through his frame, for it seemed as if the female whom he had met in Kingswood Chace was sitting there smiling down upon him.

Whether it was the effect of some peculiar refraction of the rays of light, whether the removal of the heavy, massive curtains from the bed, had enabled a more direct action of the daylight to take place, he could not tell, nor did he seek to know. All he was conscious of, was the startling, life-like appearance of the portrait.

The resemblance to the forest maiden was singularly striking, and what was yet more strange, the features seemed to slowly change into those of the Lady Maud, and then to make a rapid transition back to those of the maiden he had met in the forest, and who so strangely assured him they should meet again where he first beheld her.

And suddenly, to his great and almost overpowering excitement, it seemed as though the clear blue eyes fixed upon him glittered and glistened, and that the lady moved forward as though she would approach him.

He gasped for breath, and clutched at the bedstead for support; and it seemed to him that she pointed with her right hand to a particular spot on the wall near to him.

A deadly faintness seized him and benumbed his limbs; he covered his eyes with his hand, and remained for a few minutes struggling between consciousness and insensibility! at length calling reason to his aid, he became ashamed of his weakness, and tearing his hand from his eyes, he fixed his gaze once more upon the face which had so affected him. It was no longer vividly animated and life-like. It appeared a dull, old portrait of one young and fair, time-worn and obscure.

Still the hand pointing caught his eye, and he turned his gaze in the direction in which it pointed.

He saw nothing but the wainscot, with its gorgeously carved panelling, representing groups of flowers and fruits in high relief.

Impelled by an influence for which he could not account, he examined those flowers at the part where the finger yet pointed, and in among the wreathing leaves and blossoms he caught sight of a small object which had evidently been pushed in there for the purpose of concealment.

With no little patience and care he contrived to draw out an antique key, possessing a gothic handle, elaborately ornamented, and many wards to fit the lock to which it belonged. Again he looked at the portrait, but the hand still pointed as before, and if possible, the painting itself looked dingier and less legible than ever. After some little thought he placed the key in his pocket, and glided out of the room, resolved to take an opportunity to search for some lock within the precincts of those apartments, to which he felt sure that it belonged. And as he passed through into the sitting-room, he cast his eyes round the apartment, and noted the doors in them, apparently belonging to store closets; one only appeared to have a lock that small key would fit.

The door was situated in a remote corner of the room.

Influenced by an irresistible impulse, he hurried to it and tried it. The key fitted, and he was about to turn it and open the door, when he heard hasty footsteps approaching the room. He had barely time to remove the key and conceal it, when a man-servant entered in search of him.

The servant then informed him that by direction of Lord Kingswood his apartments had been changed, and that he was prepared to conduct him to the part of the building in which they were situated.

Erle could only reply with an assent, and promising himself at an early date to examine the contents of the closet, the key of which had been so mysteriously discovered by him, he followed the servant from the room in silence. The apartments selected for him were in front of the mansion, and overlooked the garden and other grounds, and part of the park beyond. They were as completely opposite in their aspect and their appointments to those he had just quitted as it is possible to conceive—spacious, airy, lighted by large plate-glass windows, handsomely decorated, and filled with modern furniture of a luxurious and expensive character. They presented a contrast so striking and so remarkable, it was impossible to escape from the conviction that the selection for him of the apartments he had just quitted, was a studied and deliberate insult.

He was quite aware that he had to thank Lady Kingswood for it, and he found it difficult to reconcile her subsequent behavior to him with such an unmerited, and, therefore, an unworthy indignity.

He, however, knew nothing of the influences under which she acted, or he might have felt less amazed had her insult been of a more decided and unequivocal character. The thought rankled a little at first, but he presently put it aside, as one of the singular events of his strange though young life.

He seated himself by the window, and his eye fell upon the detested form of Philip Avon, who was in conversation with Cyril Kingswood, and was gesticulating in an excited manner.

Erle could even at that distance see that the face of Philip Avon was whiter than usual, and, by his movement, that he was speaking under the influence of passion. Cyril, on the contrary, stood calmly erect, and listened to him either with lofty dignity or contemptuous indifference.

Whatever the sentiment prompting his conduct, it moved Philip Avon to a paroxysm of passion, for Erle saw him suddenly raise his clenched fist in the air, and then hurry from the terrace on which they had been standing, and make towards the avenue, among the trees of which he was soon hidden. Cyril Kingswood watched him for a few minutes, and, so far as Erle could judge, he turned and entered the house.

It was strange that similar impressions respecting the sensation his presence had created at Kingswood should have crossed his mind and Lord Kingswood's almost simultaneously.

He could only too well comprehend that the mystery which surrounded his birth, as well as his recent and present position, must have some connection with events which would not bear the light of day, or why was such secrecy respecting his history so carefully preserved and jealously guarded? He perceived how curiously Lady Kingswood regarded him, and how strangely, and it seemed to him defiantly, she acted respecting him. Cyril eyed him, too, every now and then, with an aspect of marvel, while sweet young Lady Maud evidently indulged in much quiet wonder as to who and what he was. The knowledge that he was a "family secret" only perhaps rendered her more anxious to become mistress of it, being quite sure that if it was entrusted to her keeping, she would never communicate it to a living being.

Then the guests stared at him so inquiringly. Good breeding kept most of them silent, but there were some individuals staying at the Manor-house who were only waiting, he knew, to put certain questions to him it was difficult to answer.

He felt, therefore, a conviction that he had attracted too much attention, that the morning's performance had rendered him too popular, and that in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, he ought to remain in a species of seclusion until the time arrived for him to take an active part in the affairs of life.

Acting under this impression, he sent the message to Lord Kingswood requesting to be excused from appearing at dinner that day, and he formed a resolution to follow up this proceeding by appearing as little as possible in the presence of Lord Kingswood's guests.

He consoled himself for his absence from dinner by the belief that Lady Maud would not be present. She surely had undergone enough excitement and fatigue to confine her to her room for that day at least, and at table there would be no one else he could have the slightest wish to meet.

Sweet Lady Maud! What a delightful reverie he sunk into when going over mentally the exciting incidents of the morning; he dwelt upon that one in which Lady Maud, just saved from a terrible fate, clung to him in still terrified agitation, and laying her dear face on his panting bosom, relieved her overcharged heart in a flood of gushing tears.

"From the instant I beheld her, I yearned for her friendship," he murmured, with emotion, and added, in exultation—"I have won a claim to it. She will not repel me if I prefer it now, and then, at least, in this wide world, there will be one, if one alone, who will be interested in my advancement, sympathise with me in my disappointments, and smile upon me in my conquests over fate. Dear, dear Lady Maud! how I wish you were my sister."

And with this aspiration, which by no means disclosed the real condition of his feelings, he proceeded to sketch out, as youth will do, gorgeous visions of the future. Scenes in sunny, flowery meads and moonlit glades, giddings on still lakes, and wanderings in the green umbrageousness of leafy vistas. We will not be sure but that the visions included triumphant gatherings of joyous tenantry, in holiday clothing, shouting deliriously and casting flowers upon the velvet, grassy path, along which he conducted Lady Maud, in proud, self-gratulating triumph. What further they might have included, it is needless to conjecture, for his reverie was brought to an abrupt close by the discovery that Cyril Kingswood, with a pleasant smile upon his handsome features, was standing before him, quietly watching him.

Erle sprung up, and a flash of scarlet illuminated his face, while an expression something like displeasure passed over it.

Cyril laid his two hands upon his shoulders, and said—

"Sit down, Gower, I want to talk to you. Don't think I rudely intruded upon your privacy, for I have behaved exceedingly well. I knocked twice at your door before I entered, coughed twice when I did venture inside, and I have called you by name four times. As you did not reply, I awaited the close of your ruminations, especially as I perceived they were of a pleasant character, or I am no judge of the human face divine.

Erle seated himself as requested, and could not help smiling at the frank and easy manner in which Cyril entered into his explanation, and then apologised for not being more attentive and ready to welcome him on his entrance.

Cyril abruptly stopped him.

"Our apartments are near to each other, and I assure you I shall frequently drop into your room without ceremony, as I hope you will drop into mine," he exclaimed; "and for certain reasons, too. Firstly, I have taken a liking to you, because of your ready and brave assistance to me when in some peril from that pestilent ruffian, Tubal Kish, who haunts the Chace like a wolf, whom nobody can catch, and who has more lives than a cat; and, secondly, because of your right noble rescue of my pretty little Cousin Maud. Do you know, Gower, I am very much attached to Cousin Maud. I could not easily have spared her, and therefore, again and again, with a full heart, I thank you for having pursued her, undaunted by any obstacle, and, rescuing, having restored her to those who love her with very genuine affection."

A bright tear glistened in his eye as he spoke, and at the same time squeezed Erle's hand with a hearty pressure.

Erle, though pleased with this testimony of his gratitude, nevertheless felt a strange acute pang pass through his heart when he heard him speak of Lady Maud in such warm terms. He sighed and said,

"Lady Maud seems very gentle and amiable. I do not wonder that you should be attached to her."

"If you did, you would wonder less as soon as you know her better," replied Cyril, quickly. "Ay, and unless I am deceived in Maud's character, which I am sure I am not, she will, after what happened this morning, become as fond of you, Gower, as of me. I should say, fonder, because you—never mind, we shall see."

"Pray finish your sentence," observed Erle, rather eagerly.

Cyril, laughing good humoredly, replied—

"The fact is, Maud knows more of me than she does of you; I have teased her far more than ever I caressed her, and then—then, you know, Gower, she is more like a sister to me than a cousin. So, as you are neither brother nor cousin, as you are better looking than I am, and have done her ladyship good service, why you certainly possess a better claim to her gentle consideration than your humble servant."

Again Cyril broke out into a merry laugh, in which Erle joined—not that his mirth was at all sincere; the subject possessed an interest far too deep for him to treat lightly. He laughed, in fact, to hide the real state of his feelings.

Presently he said, pursuing the subject, a pleasant one to him—

"Lady Maud's home appears to be at Kingswood?"

"Oh, yes," replied Cyril, quickly, "Lady Maud is, you might almost say, a Kingswood. She is the daughter of Lady Kingswood's only sister, and, like her mother, is named after a remarkable ancestress, about whom strange tales are told. Poor Cousin Maud! she is an orphan. Her mother was married to Lord St. Clair, and while Maud was yet a child, Lord and Lady St. Clair visited Italy, and were both drowned in a tempest while returning from thence to France. She had been reared under the guardianship of my father. There, you perceive, I have established another bond of sympathy between you and her, for you are an orphan, you know."

This was precisely a fact which Erle did not know, and he therefore felt the barb of the arrow, thus unintentionally launched at him, pierce his heart acutely. He made, however, no response, he only reddened.

Cyril became silent, his face assumed a more serious expression, and he said, in a grave tone—

"Let me now come to the object of my present visit. I have just parted with Philip Avon. He left me in a frenzy of vindictive passion concerning you."

Erle smiled scornfully.

"You have deeply offended him, Gower," continued Cyril.

"I care not!" exclaimed Erle, impatiently.

"He is an obstinate and a desperate fellow," rejoined Cyril.

"Still I care not," responded Erle, in a haughty tone.

"Well, the truth is, my dear fellow," observed Cyril, in a kind of persuasive tone, "he is the scion of a very old house. The Avons, of Hawkesbury, trace to the Saxon Heptarchy—"

"Why not to Adam?" interposed Erle, in a yet more impatient tone.

Cyril shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but without further allusion to Philip's ancestry, continued—

"He is heir to very extensive estates, and will be very wealthy and possess great influence in the county.

Erle's brow lowered, and speaking abruptly, as if the subject were distasteful, he said,

"All this is nothing to me."

"But it is to Lord Kingswood," rejoined Cyril, quickly, "and, in one respect, to Lady Maud. Let me beg of you to hear me out patiently, Gower. The affair I wish to talk over with you is more serious than you can imagine."

"Philip Avon has been preferring a whining complaint to you," exclaimed Erle, with a sneer.

"Not a whining complaint, but a complaint," returned Cyril. "Philip Avon does not whine, he storms."

"The most worthless cur yelps the loudest," observed Erle, in the same scornful tone.

Cyril regarded him earnestly, he appeared surprised at the extreme bitterness with which Erle spoke.

"You have scarcely interchanged a word with Philip Avon," he remarked, "yet you speak of him as if he had put a mortal affront upon you, instead of the reverse being the case."

"He has insulted me," replied Erle, quickly.

"You; when?" asked Cyril, eagerly.

Erle related what had occurred between them when Lady Maud's horse took fright.

"And you have repaid him with a blow," returned Cyril, thoughtfully.

"He placed himself offensively in my path, with the intention of making some observations which would probably have added outrage to the insult already received. I therefore removed him from my path."

"Philip Avon is certainly not an individual whose friendship I covet, or whose acquaintance even I care to retain," observed Cyril, thoughtfully; "yet I should be careful how I fastened an affront upon him."

"Why?" inquired Erle, sharply. He wished to have put the question in an indifferent tone, but his excitement was too great to be so easily controlled.

"I have said that the Avons of of Hawkesbury are an ancient race," he rejoined. "They possess extensive influence in the county which Lord Kingswood is anxious to secure. Philip Avon is deeply smitten with Lady Maud; Lord Kingswood is very anxious that they should be united, because he thus secures the influence he is longing for. I don't think—in fact, I am sure—Lady Maud does not much like him; but then Lord Kingswood has set his heart upon the match, and if it were to be broken off by some such *contretemps* as that of to-day, my father's fury would know no bounds. It would be launched not only upon you and I, but upon Maud likewise; I am, therefore, anxious to prevent an explosion if we can patch it up."

Erle echoed the last words, and added—

"I do not understand you. Explain!"

"To be plain," replied Cyril, frankly, "you struck Philip a blow; he insists that he will not be satisfied without a most ample apology, or he washes out the stain with your blood. Such were his furious and vehement observations. But as he is certainly not free from blame, it has occurred to me that by some little dexterous management, the turbulent sea may be calmed down."

"I have explained to you the position in which we stand," rejoined Erle, with haughtiness. "Pray let me ask you what course you would pursue."

"Pray, my dear fellow, do not put that question to me," responded Cyril, hastily. "At this moment I should not like to answer it. Besides, I wish to see you both reconciled, or at least not in open hostility, for the very special reasons I have given to you."

"I shall not apologise," replied Erle, peremptorily. "Let Mr. Avon solve the other half of the problem."

"Tut, tut, don't be obstinate, Gower," urged Cyril. "Think of Maud—your own position as a *protege* of Lord Kingswood, a patron you would not wish to offend. Mind me, the ridiculous behavior of Philip Avon springs from nothing more than a stupid jealousy with regard to Maud. Why, he was at first jealous of me, the fool, but when he is satisfied that Lady Maud is not and cannot be anything to you but a friend, his rudeness will disappear, and you will be quickly on very good terms. He'll alter, be sure, after he has married dear little Maud."

Erle ground his teeth together as if he would reduce them to powder when the last suggestion reached his ears. If Cyril had cast about for some inducement which should render Erle inflexible, he could have hit on no one more powerful than the last.

Erle's eyes flashed fire.

"Mr. Kingswood," he said, sternly, "among the considerations you have brought forward with a view to settle the rupture which has taken place, you have omitted my honor. I am very anxious that no act of mine shall in the very slightest degree inflict pain or annoyance upon the Lady Maud. This is a consideration which would urge me to any step short of a sacrifice of my honor. I have also an anxious wish to retain the favor of Lord Kingswood, as well as not to implicate you in a transaction which exclusively belongs to myself and Philip Avon. But I will not, to save myself or others from any fate, surrender my honor. I must, therefore, repeat that I will offer no apology or present any other front to Mr. Philip Avon but one of defiance."

At this instant a long-drawn note, as if produced by a silver horn, rose in the air, swelling softly and sweetly. It seemed to come from afar, and yet was distinctly heard, and in some degree it resembled a prolonged moan of anguish.

Cyril started as it caught his ear, and he bent his eyes confusedly on Erle.

The latter stood in an attitude of intense attention, like the startled stag who scents the approach of the hunter from afar.

Suddenly he gripped Cyril's wrist.

"What is that!" he asked, in an almost unearthly whisper.

Cyril seemed strangely moved. He replied hastily and unguardedly,

"THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE."

Again the long, mournful note swelled in the air, and died gradually away.

A throng of words rushed to Erle's lips, and he was about to address a host of questions to Cyril, when a servant entered, bearing in his hand a letter.

He advanced to Erle, and placing it in his hand, said,

"From Mr. Philip Avon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Charles Reade, in his new book, The Eighth Commandment, says that Henry Carey, a lyrist and satirist, whose verses were attributed both to Pope and Swift, wrote both the words and music of God Save the Queen; yet, notwithstanding the popularity of the anthem, poor Carey suffered so much from poverty and destitution that he hanged himself. "They found him cold, with only skin on his bones and a half-penny in his pocket. Think of this when next you hear God Save the Queen."

☞ It is in the middle-classes of society that all the finest feelings, and the most amiable propensities of our nature, do principally flourish and abound. For the good opinion of our fellow-men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property too arrogant and consequential, to feel. The first places us beneath the influence of opinion—the second, above it.—*Colton.*

☞ Was not a recent spectacle at Mount Vernon suggestive of some curious thoughts? The embryo King of Great Britain, surrounded by British noblemen, stood uncovered and reverentially before the tomb of "Mr. Washington, Commander of the Rebels." If some seer should have predicted to old pig-headed George III., the scene we write about, says the N. Y. Daybook, His Majesty would have foamed at the mouth. Things do get turned upside down by Monsieur Time.

☞ RICHES AND POVERTY.—"Riches rarely bring contentment;" but it should be remembered if they don't, poverty seldom does either.

TOILETTES OF THE BALL.

We are in the receipt of so many letters from ladies, not only in the country, but in the town, who ask for descriptions of the *toilettes* of some gentlewomen who attended the ball at the Academy of Music in the city of New York, given in honor of the Prince of Wales, that we feel we cannot fill a column with more acceptable matter than the subjoined.

On no previous occasion has there been assembled, under one roof, more elaborate and costly costumes—many of them strikingly brilliant and effective—than adorned the charming and beautiful women who attended this great and memorable ball. We find in the papers a detailed description of some of the *toilettes* worn on this occasion, which, in addition to what we have obtained from several private sources, we present in our columns, knowing that the same will duly interest many of our lady readers. In the place of honor, as the wife of the Governor of the State, we find the name of Mrs. Morgan. This lady wore a dress of white silk, elegantly trimmed and clouded with flounces of black lace, and lighted up with diamonds as became her matronly rank.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish was attired in an elegant robe of delicate mauve-colored silk, festooned with white lace, and glittering with diamonds.

The *toilette* of Mrs. John Horner, of New York, one of the most beautiful and bewitching of women, was universally admired.

Mrs. Grinnell wore a dress of black *moire antique*, flounced with black lace.

Mrs. F. P. James, of Cold Spring, appeared in a lavender silk, trimmed with point lace, and ornaments of pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. W. H. Aspinwall was attired in blue *moire antique*, studded with costly jewels.

Mrs. Loyd Aspinwall appeared in a dress of corn-colored crape, with flounces of *point de Bruxelles*, scarlet flowers, and a *guirlande* of scarlet flowers in her "woven tresses."

Mrs. August Belmonte wore a rose-colored robe, with point lace flounces and a magnificent *riviere* of diamonds.

Mrs. Brockholst Cutting attracted much admiration in a rich bridal dress, consisting of a tunic of *point de Venise*, worn over white *tulle;* a *berthe* and shawl of the same costly material. A lace *barbe* was tastefully arranged in the auburn waves of her hair, with a coquettish little tie of black velvet ribbon, which contrasted finely with the brilliant purity of her complexion.

Mrs. Carson, of Charleston, South Carolina, wore a dress of white brocade.

Two sisters, Mrs. Henry Duncan, of Mississippi, and Mrs. William B. Duncan, made a very effective contrast. The former lady, toward whom the Prince of Wales displayed a marked and particular courtesy, wore a robe of white *tulle*, trimmed with Solferino *marguerites*, the petals of each flower of gold. A wreath of the same splendid ornaments, and large diamond stars, glittering "in a night of hair," completed this brilliant costume. Mrs. Duncan, *of New York, was exquisitely dressed in white moire, dotted with party-colored* roses and trimmed with costly lace, looped up with roses of bright pink. She wore a diamond tiara and necklace.

Mrs. Henry W. Hicks appeared in white and green, with a necklace of pearls.

Mrs. Gardner Howland wore an embroidered *tulle*, covered with exquisite and fairy-like lace.

Mrs. Goold Hoyt wore a robe of white lace, embroidered with gold, with a veil of the same material.

Mrs. John Kernochan, of New York, wore white *tulle*, with one superb flounce of rich lace, festooned with knots of pink roses.

Mrs. Kirkland, of this city, wore an embroidered *tulle*, adorned with black lace flounces, trimmings of gold, and diamond ornaments.

Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, wore a magnificent robe of blond-lace, richly embroidered in gold, the skirt puffed over white satin, and divided with golden cords. A *tunique* of lace, embroidered in gold. The corsage of the dress was covered by a *chatelaine* of gold acorns and green leaves. Around her head was a coronet of gold acorns and leaves. Massive bracelets and diamond ornaments. This was the most *recherche* and elegant dress of any we noticed.

Miss Le Vert, her daughter, appeared in a beautiful dress of *tarletane*, thickly embroidered in gold, made in the new style of puffs over white satin, divided by gold cords. Over this was a tunic of lace, also embroidered in gold, looped up with a *chatelaine* of gold cords add tassels. A wreath of verbena mingled with gold, and ornaments of coral.

Mrs. Robert B. Minturn was distinguished by a waving head-dress of ostrich feathers, with diamonds and pearls *ad libitum*.

Mrs. Colonel Meinell wore a robe of white satin, flounced with point lace, with a *berthe* of white illusion, knots of diamonds on the shoulders, and corsage looped together with a golden cord.

Mrs. Dr. Alexander Mott wore a white silk, trimmed with quillings of shaded violet, extending up the left side of the skirt to the corsage. A wreath of violets formed a becoming head-dress.

Mrs. Colonel Scott wore a lace dress of white and gold, with a veil of the same, with ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. John Schermerhorn appeared in a robe of delicate *velours epingle* of a peculiarly soft and beryl-like green, looped with pearls; and a wreath of green leaves intermixed with pearls.

Mrs. Joseph Strong wore a white silk florally ornamented with cherry-colored flowers.

Mrs. Dr. Van Buren wore a robe of white silk, a head-dress of blue velvet roses and diamonds, with a diamond necklace and stomacher.

The following named ladies danced with the Prince:—Mrs. Morgan, representing the official head of the state; Mrs. Goold Hoyt, representing the army, through her father, General Scott; Mrs. Belmont, who claims a double distinction in virtue of her father, Commodore Perry, and of her husband's position in the world of politics and finance; Mrs. John Kernochan; Mrs. Maunsell B. Field; Mrs. Edward Cooper; Miss L. Mason, daughter of Mr. Henry Mason, of New York; Miss Fish, daughter of the ex-Governor; Miss Van Buren, daughter of Hon. John Van Buren; Miss Augusta Jay, daughter of the late William Jay, Esq.; Miss Helen Russell, of New York, and Miss Butler, of Philadelphia, daughter of Mrs. Fanny Kemble.—*Journal.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO—FRENCH INTRIGUES IN THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA—MAZZINI HAS LEFT NAPLES—THE PIEDMONTESE IN NEAPOLITAN TERRITORY, &c.

The Fulton brings advices to the 17th. The steamer Europa had arrived at Liverpool.

The Neapolitan princes had ordered a renewal of the attack on the Garibaldians.

It is asserted that great consternation prevails among the Turin Cabinet, as the Russian and Prussian Embassadors had remitted the formal protest of their governments against the Sardinian invasion of Naples.

CHINA.—Advices from China state that the Allies had attacked the Tartar camp, and the Chinese fled in disorder.

The grand attack on the Taku forts was to take place on Aug. 15th.

The news is confirmed of the Battle of Volturno. The details of the fight describe it as a protracted and bloody struggle. The Neapolitan forces were driven back in disorder to Capua. Their losses are estimated at 3,000 killed, besides 5,000 who were taken prisoners. The loss on Garibaldi's side was estimated at from 4,000 to 4,500.

The battle commenced by 30,000 Neapolitans attacking the Garibaldians during a thick mist. The attacking force carried some of the positions, driving back the Garibaldians, whose number was less than half. Garibaldi then went forward, with revolver in hand, and a desperate fight ensued, lasting eight hours, and ending in the rout of the Neapolitans. The losses on both sides have been already stated.

The German brigade was cut off and driven into the mountains, and the Royalists made a sortie to rescue them, but were repulsed.

The King of Naples and his brothers were present at the battle.

It is stated the Garibaldians would not attack Capua before the 20th of October. Garibaldi is said to have been wounded at the battle of Volturno.

The line of posts about Volturno are still strongly protected, and the Neapolitans are prepared to defend their positions.

Garibaldi has called on King Victor Emmanuel to go to Naples and to send him a reinforcement of 14,000 men.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that private, but trustworthy accounts from the Islands of Sardinia, speak of the commencement of manœuvres by a secret agency there, in favor of its annexation to France. This is to be done in the same manner, and by the same means as were employed by French companies in the case of Savoy and Nice.

General Cialdini has received orders to cross the Neapolitan frontier, and decisive events are expected at any moment.

A decree is published in Naples, ordering a vote on the 21st of October, by universal suffrage, on the following question:—"Do you wish Italy to be indivisibly united with Victor Emmanuel, as Constitutional King, and his legitimate descendants?"

The State of Naples had improved and the funds had advanced.

The Piedmontese corps d'armee will amount to 20,000 men.

Affairs in the Papal States are unchanged.

It is reported that General Lamoricier has telegraphed to Marseilles to secure a passage to Civita Vecchia for himself and three officers.

The Sardinian Chambers were debating the law of annexation. A vote, it was expected, would be taken on the question on the 11th inst.

In the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies the order of the day proposed by the Committee, rendered homage to Garibaldi, and unanimously expressed their approval of the project of a law for the annexation. It was agreed to by 290 votes against 6. The vote was preceded by a speech from M. Cavour, defining his policy. He urged union, and said he desired Rome for the capital of Italy, and uttered a menace against Venetia.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Fermo and the Cardinal Bishops of Ancona and Jesi had been arrested by the Piedmontese. The Cardinal Archbishop of Benevento had been obliged to leave his diocese at half an hour's notice.

It is reported that Russia is about to recall its Ambassador from Turin.

Advices from Rome confirm the statement that the French would reoccupy Viterbo. The Pontifical gendarmes preceded the French in their march by twelve hours. The inhabitants were prepared to repulse them, but intended to yield to the French.

Marquis Deppoli had proceeded to Viterbo to re-assure the inhabitants that Victor Emmanuel was at Macerata.

The report that Spain had proposed a Congress of the Catholic Powers at Gaeta was confirmed.

In Austria, an extraordinary credit had been granted to the Naval Department for the construction of naval batteries to defend the entrance of the several ports.

THE SYRIAN MASSACRES.—Since Fuad Pacha left Syria, the Mussulmans had recommenced their massacres. They had killed twenty Christians. The remaining Christians were emigrating to Latakia. The Mussulmans were furious against the Christians, and had threatened the life of the Russian Consul.

ITALY.—The Paris Patrie says that Garibaldi's guns at the battle of Volturno, were worked by the seamen of the English ship Renown. Garibaldi had tendered them his thanks. The men were that day on leave of absence.

The Patrie states that the entry of King Victor Emmanuel into Naples will take place on the 17th inst.

The Piedmontese troops were expected before Capua on the 15th instant. It was anticipated that the Neapolitans would evacuate the place before their arrival, and return to Gaeta.

ITALY AND FRENCH ANNEXATION.—The Times, in a leader, says free Europe is tired of buying liberty of Napoleon, pound by pound, and if the absolute Europe of Warsaw means anything, it is rather tired of seeing him sell it. Napoleon III. is the master of the destinies of Italy, and we cannot prevent him from crushing her unity, or from ceding her to any Holy Alliance, if he should see fit, but if we read the signs of the times aright, what he does henceforward must be done gratis.

The new Pro-Dictator of Naples, so soon as he was appointed, addressed a letter to Mazzini, complimenting him on his patriotism, but asking him to give a proof of it by leaving the country, telling him that, even without intending it, he caused disunion, and that many used his name with the parricidal intention of hoisting another banner in Italy. Mazzini left.

There is a probability of a Congress on the affairs of Italy.

The Daily News' correspondent of Naples, an Italian, has been killed. His anxiety for the result of the battle of Volturno led him too far in advance, and he was unfortunately shot.

AUSTRIA.—The Paris correspondent of the Times remarks that a movement of the Austrians need not take persons by surprise. Austria considers herself released from all obligations contracted with the French Emperor, and has good reason to know that that government, bent on exterminating her, have prepared, and probably brought to maturity, their plans for an insurrectionary movement in her provinces.

A private letter from Turin announces that a large armament has been ordered by the Piedmontese Government, and the day before the Sardinian Minister's departure from Paris a supply of 50,000 muskets and 11,000,000 percussion caps was granted by the French Government for its ally.

ENGLAND.—The English funds were depressed by the heavy exports of gold to France. The pressure was regarded, however, as merely temporary.

A grand requiem had taken place at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Dublin, for the Irish who have fallen in Italy.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 18.—Cotton has advanced 1-16 @⅛d.

Wheat has an advancing tendency, partially on all qualities.

Flour is declining. Corn quiet.

Provisions quiet.

Consols [illegible].

THE MARKETS.—Oct. 18.—The Cotton market was active, and prices of useful descriptions of American were partially ⅛d. higher; the market closing firm at the quotations:

Fair Orleans,	7¼d	Mid. Mobiles,	6⅝d
Mid. do.,	6⅞d	Fair Uplands,	7⅛d
Fair Mobiles,	7⅛d	Mid. do.,	6⅝d

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—Flour has a declining tendency. Wheat tends downward, and prices are 2@3d lower since Tuesday. Corn quiet, but steady. The general statement is, Breadstuffs are quiet, but prices continue steady.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—The Provision market is dull and generally unchanged. The Tallow market is unsettled and excited. North American, 54@55s. The market closes steady, and firmer. Pork quiet, prices firm; Bacon quiet; Lard dull, sales unimportant, and quotations barely maintained. Cheese has declined 4d@5d.

PRODUCE.—Sugar quiet; Coffee steady; Rice firm; Rosin firm at 4s 4d@4s 6d for common. Spirits of Turpentine dull at 31s 6d@31s 9d.

☞ In the following ambiguous passage, from a modern love-letter to a young lady, we recognize a somewhat peculiar delicacy of compliment; "Now I wish, my dear Adelina, my engagements would permit me to leave town and go to see you? It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time, and fraught with a thousand pleasing recollections!"

☞ The number of rainy days depends upon the direction of the wind. In Europe, if the wind always blew from the North-East, it would never rain, because it blows over a great extent of continent; whereas it would never cease raining, were the wind always to blow from the South-West, because it would come loaded with vapor from the Atlantic. In the Eastern United States it is just the reverse.

☞ One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind, is to be its own master. Minerva should always be at hand, to restrain Achilles from blindly following his impulses and appetites, even those which are moral and intellectual, as well as those which are animal and sensual. A pond may lie quiet in a plain; but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

☞ Women that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived, than when we would infer a laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.

☞ AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.—On the night of the memorable conflict, Washington lay down in his cloak under a tree, in the midst of his brave soldiers. About midnight an officer approached cautiously, fearful of awakening him, when the chief called out, "Advance, sir, and deliver your errand. I lie here to *think*, and not to *sleep!*"

☞ Pain and death change their character according to the spirit in which they are viewed, just as the amputation of a limb is quite as painful as the shattering of it by an accident: yet in the one case the sufferer shrieks, in the other bears it heroically; because his will goes with the operation, because he feels it is right, and knows *why* it is done.

☞ As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

☞ WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—To tell the reader exactly what class of persons was intended to be designated by the word *gentleman*, is a difficult task. The last time we heard it was on visiting a stable, to look at a horse, when inquiring for the coachman, the hostler replied, "he had just stepped back to the public-house with another gentleman."

☞ In literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements; and, there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

☞ He who has never experienced the affectionate bitterness of love, who has never known how *earnest* irony and passionate sarcasm may be the very language of love in its deepest, saddest moods, is utterly incapable of even judging this passion.

A NOVELTY IN RAILROAD TRAVELLING.—According to a correspondence which we find in a French provincial journal, the railroad companies in France are about to put in operation a plan which cannot fail of being received with favor by the public. It is proposed to run, each week, a train of cars between distant points, for which tickets can be obtained in advance, and to which the companies will guaranty to admit only a limited number of passengers, four hundred, for example. All the places being occupied, the engine not carrying any *dead weight*, to use a technical expression, the traveller can be transported at the price of merchandise; and the companies, not only without any loss, but even with a certain and calculable profit, will apply to these special trains a tariff, the great cheapness of which cannot fail of producing an immense business. By this arrangement the fare is about one-fifth the usual price. Cannot some such plan be perfected by our railroad companies?

NEWS ITEMS.

The Auburn Prison, during the fiscal year which has just closed, has earned a surplus of twenty-five thousand dollars over expenses.

Potatoes at the West.—The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says:—"If anybody wants to see potatoes by the cord—good measure—let them step down to the levee. There is not shipping enough at this time on the Upper Mississippi to move them away as fast as they accumulate. Farmers complain a little that the price is too low, but they are the only party to blame; if they want higher prices they must not raise so many. The market price is from twelve to fifteen cents per bushel."

A Whole Regiment of Zouaves.—The Chicago Zouave Cadets have resolved to form a whole regiment of their style of military, to consist of eight companies, Colonel Ellsworth to be the chief officer. In a few months the regiment, which is to be known as the Independent Regiment of Illinois Light Infantry, will be full.

On Tuesday week, Professor Agassiz opened a course of lectures on geology, before the teachers of the public schools in Boston. This is the first fruits of the donation of $100,000 made by the State of Massachusetts, for the benefit of the Museum of Natural History.

A prize fight at Troy, last week, between two bruisers, Wheeler and Brann, was stopped at the third round, by Brann's sister clinging to him and making him go home with her.

There is a young man named Mark Ralfe, at Bent's Fort, who was recently stabbed in three places and shot three times, scalped, and left for dead by the Kiowa Indians, but who afterward regained his consciousness, and walked thirty-five miles to a place of safety and succor. He has now nearly recovered, but has only two locks of hair left upon his head, as all the rest was taken with the scalp.

Astonishing the Indians.—At a foot race, at the East Washington County Agricultural Show and Fair, some Indians entered and won the prize for one quarter of a mile race, but when the second contest came off, a young gent of Calais, sitting in a chaise with a young lady, thought the Indians did not run very fast, and said he could beat them; suiting the action to the word, he off coat and hat, and started off and came out ahead, much to the amusement of the crowd and astonishment of the Indians.

Mr. Holley, in a communication to the New York Times, states that "the cost of hauling a passenger or a ton of goods a mile on an English railroad is about one half only of what it is in America." The reason of this is that English roads are better constructed and require less power to do the work.

Sir Humphrey Davy at Fault.—When it was first proposed to light London with gas, Sir Humphrey Davy gave his opinion against its practicability, solely on the ground of the impossibility of keeping the joints of the pipes from leaking. This great chemist was very deficient in mechanical talent, and was seldom able to make a tight joint for his pneumatic experiments; hence the cause of his opinion. Faraday, who became his assistant, being an excellent mechanic, soon showed him how easy it was to make tight joints for gas pipes.

Daguerreotype by Lightning.—On the 16th of August last, a flash of lightning struck a windmill at Lappion, in France, in which there was a female, who was killed by the electric fluid and on whose body there was left the picture of a neighboring tree, with all its branches and leaves complete. This singular tatooing by the lightning was seen and attested by medical examiners and the municipal authorities of the place.

The Magyl Dye.—The beautiful red and purple silks which are now so fashionable throughout the civilized world, are colored with a substance which is extracted from coal tar. The price in Paris of pure aniline violet, in powder, was stated to be from $245 to $326 per pound. The enormous value of this substance is owing to the fact that it not only produces a great variety of red and purple shades of exceeding delicacy and brilliancy, but these colors are also remarkably permanent.

The Pacific mill at Lawrence, Mass., is the largest factory, in a single building, in the world. It is 800 feet long and 80 wide, and contains 108,000 spindles, with all the attendant machinery to manufacture delaine and muslin goods, from the raw material up to the finishing touch ready for market.

A new style of street car has been introduced into Pittsburg, which is to be propelled by compressed air, and can run with more than ordinary speed, with 600 pounds of air.

A Novel Remedy for Consumption.—A writer in the Norwalk (O.) Reflector, describes a visit which he paid last month to a lady at Toledo, Ohio, who takes six live frogs as a remedy for consumption. She was recommended to do it by an Englishman, who said he was cured in that way. In six weeks this singular medicine has restored her from a state of great weakness to strength. The visitor saw the lady take a live frog from a jar, and swallow him whole, without chewing. Her daughter also did the same.

A Rival for Brigham Young.—Price, the notorious head of the Agapemone, or free-love abode in England, has made up his mind to emigrate to this country. Three distracted husbands have instituted actions against Price, for the recovery of their wives' fortunes, and as the choice left to Price lies between imprisonment and flight, it is probable that he will prefer the latter. It is said that he is fully prepared to found an Agapemone in the United States.

At Capeabo, Chili, is a woman thirty-six years of age, who has been twice married, having during the nine years of her first marriage thirteen children, and during the eleven years of her last, fifteen children. Her husband works, but she has to beg in order to aid him in supporting the household.

The Delaware Census.—There are in the State 110,542 free persons, and 1,805 slaves, or 112,347 inhabitants altogether.—There are 615 slave owners. There are 254 slaves in Newcastle county, 203 in Kent, and 1,348 in Sussex. In 1850, there were in Newcastle 347, Kent 394, and Sussex 1,540—total 2,290. There has therefore been a general decrease of slaves all over the State, reaching, in the aggregate 485. The total increase in the population of the State is 19,815.

The Anti-Pew System.—How it Works.—There are in England what are called Anti-Pew Societies. From what we glean from the reports of these, made from time to time, it appears that in churches where the change has been made from appropriated to free seats the result has been that the attendance has doubled, and in some cases trebled; also, that the attendance thus induced is, to a great extent, of the poorer classes. In some of these churches, those who rarely if ever attended divine worship at all, come regularly since the distinction between rich and poor has been abolished.

The London periodicals, daily and weekly, and monthly, are swallowing up all the literary talent of England. Tennyson writes for them, so do Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Savage Landor, Ruskin, the Brownings, Lord John Russell, Lord John Manners, and many others. Books seem to be at a discount, but all the world finds time to read the magazines and newspapers. Consequently the novelists, the poets, the art critics, the scientific men, the philosophers submit to the law they cannot repeal.

A SAD BUT TRUE STORY.

Some time ago, says the Cincinnati Daily Times, while the family were at dinner one day, at one of our wealthy farmer's houses, in Pendleton county, Kentucky, the wife of the household walked out of the room. Her departure was not noticed particularly, until the lapse of time made it obvious that she would not return. Observation soon convinced the husband that his wife had eloped with a hired man who had been at work on the place. Time in its progress allayed the mortification and assuaged the pain of the deserted husband, and he plodded on from day to day in the silent and almost unvarying monotony of his course.

The wife was heard of no more.

New affections then sprang up in the breast of the man, whose heart-strings were so suddenly and so rudely torn. The sister of her who *had been* the departed wife—for the husband was now divorced by law—slowly and almost unconsciously gained favor in his eyes, and filled the vacant place in his sympathies. He married her.

The period of six months in the first year's marriage of the second sister glided away, when one day a knock was heard at the door, and the absent wife was returned.

The hired man with whom she had gone away fell into drunkenness and debauchery, soon treated the deluded woman with neglect and cruelty, and at length deserted her.

She struggled on, then, amid many privations and much suffering, and in the maze of her miseries wandered back to her father's house, whose farm was adjoining her husband's. Her father would not permit her to come into the house, and commanded her to leave.

She then turned to her husband's house, and there he found her in the doorway when he came to answer the summons.

Her worn and tattered garb, pale and haggard countenance, lack-lustre eye and sorrowful air made her such an object whose sadness can be pictured only in the mind.

The husband, lost to her, was struck dumb with a pang of recollection that penetrated him like a thunderbolt; in a moment more the gloom-cloud opened a little, and a tear-drop glistening fell from his eye.

His wife could not see her sister. No member of the family would hold intercourse with her. She could not live with them.

But the husband built her a cabin in an extreme corner of the farm, provided for her subsistence, and there she now lives, an utter stranger in her own household.

Charles Dickens's Country House.—It is announced that Dickens is about to dispose of Tavistock House, London, and retire altogether to his splendid retreat at Gadshill. The latter residence has been the remote cause of all the great novelist's domestic woe. In his boyhood, Dickens lived at Rochester, Kent, his father being then employed in the Navy Yard at Chatham, contiguous to Rochester. The scenery in the immediate neighborhood had an unspeakable charm for Dickens. He describes a portion of it in an early chapter of the Pickwick Papers. As he advanced in life, and became familiar with Shakspeare's Henry IV., Gadshill, in the vicinity of Rochester, acquired a special interest in his eyes, and he registered a vow that, if ever he became rich, he would build a house there. But by the time he had obtained possession of the means of realizing the object near his heart, Mrs. Dickens had become so attached to London life that she positively refused to go into the country. It was in vain that Dickens expostulated, entreated and explained how difficult it was for him to write in London uninterruptedly, exposed, as his popularity rendered him, to frequent visitors. Mrs. Dickens was inflexible. Ultimately, Charles Dickens went to the new country house, accompanied by one of his daughters, and for her sake invited his sister-in-law and a meritorious young actress to become inmates of their dwelling. It was not long before this arrangement became a subject of serious uneasiness to Mrs. Dickens.—The "green-eyed monster" is said to have possessed her, and thence arose those serious misunderstandings which led to a dissolution of the marriage compact, and the complete severance of Dickens from London life.

"It Might Have Been."—The Cincinnati Gazette says:—"One of our fair neighbors over the water has been especially honored by the Prince of Wales. On Monday, Miss Mattie Taylor, of Newport, received from His Royal Highness, a magnificent diamond brooch, surmounted by his crest. The present is a token of the Prince's remembrance of the Cincinnati ball, and more particularly of course of the pleasure he experienced in the society of Miss Taylor, who was selected as one of his partners by the floor managers, and with whom he danced and waltzed. Whether any of his other partners have been similarly complimented, we are not aware. The brooch was made to the Royal order, and is certainly indicative, if it proves to be the only case of the kind, of a decided impression having been made by the fair Kentuckian, upon the Royal heart."

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—	Pennsylvania RR	—	103
" " '62	105	—	1st mort bonds	—	103
" " '67	109	—	2nd "	91	90
" " '64	108	—	stock	35½	35¾
" 5 " coupon '74	102	—	Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	110
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100	101	stock	125	127
" " new	—	105	Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	87
" 5 "	84	—	mort 6's '44	—	91½
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—	" '51	75½	76
" coupon	49	—	stock 26	21 44-100	
Allg'y City 6 pr ct,	55	75	Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
" County	49	50	stock	—	60
Penn 6 pr ct,	102	—	Phil, Wil & Balt stock	—	421
" 5 "	96	—	6 pr ct loan, '80	97½	98
Tenn 6 "	91½	92	Ches Val R R '75	43	47
" 5 coupon	90	—	Tioga R R '75	—	55
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104½	Wilms & E'mira 7's 1st mort	75½	75
Missouri "	101	—	2nd "	19	19
Ohio " 1860	104	—	stock	2	21
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	99½	Catawissa	2	—
Virginia "	91	92½	Hestor Meadow stock	64	65
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—	preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92	North Penn's R R stock	8	10½
N Y City, 1872-5	114	116	6 pr ct loan	74	75
BANK STOCKS, &c.			Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49	—
PHILADELPHIA.			6 pr ct loan	97	102
North America	145	—	Minehill R R	60	62½
Philadelphia	121½	122	Har & Lan R R stock	50	55½
Far & Mec	58	—	bonds '85	90	—
Commercial	51	52	L. Schuylkill R R stock	—	17
N Liberty	42	—	Long Island R R stock	12½	—
Mechanics	27½	—	bonds	82	85
Southwark	60	—	Erie R R stock	—	—
Ir Township	36	—	Hudson River R R	—	—
Kensington	66	—	N Y Central	95½	96
Girard	49	—	Michigan Central	67½	68
Western	66	—	Illinois "	86½	87
Man & Mec	27½	—	Michigan Southern	17½	—
Commerce	—	70	CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Tradesman's	62½	—	Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '42	73	74½
City	84	—	imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
Consolidation	23½	—	stock	—	9
Commonwealth	40	—	preferred	30	33
Corn Exchange	27	27½	Lehigh Nav stock	50	50
Germantown	—	30	mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	78	—	scrip	61½	62
Exchange "	28	—	Morris Consol'd	—	64½
Kentucky, Ky	95	101	preferred	115	130
Northern "	126	—	Ches & Del bonds	48	—
Louisville "	112	—	Union	23	—
Farmers "	120	—	bonds	1	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	85½	88	Sus & Tidewater	19	—
Planters "	105	—	Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	2	4
N O Gas Light	—	—		74	77½
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	70			
Washington Gas Light Co	94½	96½			
Lehigh Zinc	1	—			
New Creek	½	1			
New Granada	—	1			
N American Ins'co	17	20			
N Liberties Gas	—	30½			
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	32			
Bonds	—	92			

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little export inquiry for Flour, and with rather more coming in; some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a decline of 12½c ₱ bbl; the demand, however, has since been limited, and only some 7000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,75@5,87½ for standard and good straight superfine; $6@6,15 for extras; $6,25 for extra family, and $6,50@6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, including 1500 bbls Western extra and extra family on terms kept private. Rye Flour is arriving and selling in a small way at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is in light stock, and steady, with further sales of 800 bbls Penna Meal at $3,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat, but with less favorable advices from abroad; prices are 3@5c lower than last week, the sales reaching 50,000 bus, mostly for shipment, at from 130c to 140c for common to choice Reds, closing at 135c for Penna and Western; 138c for Delaware of prime quality, and from 140c to 160c for White, the latter for very handsome Maryland and Kentucky, in store and afloat. Rye is also lower, and 4500 bus sold at 74@75c for Southern, and 78@79c for Penna. Corn is unchanged, with sales of 23,000 bus to note at 70@71c for inferior; 71@72c for mixed Western, and 72@73½c for prime Yellow, the latter afloat, including White, part at 72@73c, and part private, and some new Penna Yellow at 58c. Oats are steady, and about 20,000 bus sold at 33c for inferior; 34½@35½c for fair to prime Southern, and 36@37c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—There is some little inquiry for bbld Meats, and Mess Pork is selling in lots, as wanted, at $19,50@19,75, cash and time ₱ bbl. Of Beef small sales of Mess are also reported at $10@14 ₱ bbl, as to brand. Bacon is steady, with further sales of Sides at 11¾@11¾c, and Shoulders at 9½@9¾c, short time—the former to go South. Hams are scarce, and worth 12@14c—the latter for fancy cured. Nothing doing in green Meats, and little or no stock here. Lard is steady. Sales of 800 pkgs at 13c for tcs, and 13@13½c for kegs; and some inferior at 11½@12c, cash and time. The stock is light. Butter is in rather better demand at 10@11c for packed, and 12@14c for roll. Cheese ranges at 10½@11c ₱ lb., and Eggs at 16½@17½c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market opened firm and more active, the week's sales reach 1500 bales at from 5½c for pickings up to 8@10¼c, and 12½@13½c for inferior and middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, and meets with ready sale at fully former rates, all offered having been taken at $28 for 1st No 1. No change in Tanners' Bark, and little or nothing doing.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is in demand, and worth 34@35c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is a fair business doing for the season, and prices are fully maintained and firm. Scuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,50@3,60; Prepared do $3,50@3,60; Red Ash do $3,65@3,75; Lehigh do $3,75; Prepared do $3,75; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared $4,25.

COFFEE—The market has been more active, and the week's sales comprise about 9700 bags of Rio at 13½@15c, mostly at 14½@15c, and an invoice of Laguayra at 15c, all on the usual terms, leaving little or none of the former description in first hands.

COPPER continues dull and prices about the same; of Yellow Metal, some further sales are reported at 31½c, 4 mos.

FEATHERS are steady, with further sales of Western at 48@50c ₱ lb, as in quality.

FRUIT—Green Apples are plenty and dull at $1¼@2½ ₱ bbl. Dried fruit moves off slowly at about 4c for Apples, 6@8c for unpared Peaches, and 10@13c for pared. Cranberries range at $8@14 ₱ bbl. Of Peanuts a sale of 450 bus poor quality Southern was made at $1,35 ₱ bus.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The firmness of holders limits operations, and a few small sales only are reported at fully former rates. Of Slaughter sales are making at 8@10c ₱ lb, as in quality.

HOPS are scarce, and firm at the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 32@36c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market generally is quiet, but without any material variation to note, and some 800 tons Anthracite Pig Metal have been sold in lots at $22¼@23 for No 1; $21¼@23 for No 2, and $19@21 for No 3 on time. In Scotch Pig we hear of no large sales. Blooms and Boiler Plates move off slowly at steady rates. Bars and Rails are also steady, and the demand moderate.

LEAD is firm and the stock in first hands light; a sale of about 2000 pigs Virginia was made at equal to $5,65¼ the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—The market is firm, with a light stock of heavy Sole and Slaughter to operate in, and prices are fully sustained and firm; common stock, however, is plenty and dull.

LUMBER—Business is about as active as usual at this season, and prices without any quotable change, White Pine selling at $14@17, Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10@10½. Further sales of Laths are reported at $1,75@1,80 ₱ M, and Pickets at $6@7, as to size; Cypress Shingles are selling in lots at $13@14 for 2 feet, and $20@22 for long do.

MOLASSES—The market is without any material change, but dull, and the sales are confined to a few small lots, mostly Cuba, within the range of quotations. 100 bbls sour New Orleans sold at 30c, on time.

PLASTER is not much inquired for, and we quote soft at $2,60@2,62½.

RICE is rather lower, and 300 casks changed hands at 4⅝@4¾c for new, as in quality, all on the usual terms.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is coming in more freely, and the market is more active. Sales and resales to the extent of 5000 bus are reported at $5,87½@6,25 for new, mostly at $6, and $5,75 ₱ bus for old, including 1000 bus to arrive at 6½c ₱ lb, and 1000 bags from second hands to go out of the market on terms kept private. Of Timothy, which is lower, about 1000 bus Western have been sold at $2,50@3,62½ ₱ bus, chiefly at the former rate. Domestic Flaxseed is more abundant and dull, and selling, however, at $1,62 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandies continue firm and on the advance, without much doing in the way of sales. Gin—No change. N E Rum sells as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is unsettled and rather lower at the close, bbls selling at 22½@23c for Penna; Ohio do at 23@23½c; Drudge at 21½@22c, and hhds at 22½c.

SUGARS are rather quiet this week, and about 600 hhds, mostly Cubas, sold at from 7 to 7⅞c. A sale of box Sugar was made at 7(@7½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is dull, and prices favor the buyers, city selling at 10@10½c, and country at 9¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is rather firmer under the frost news from the South, and a moderate business doing in Leaf and Manufactured at steady rates.

WOOL—There is some little inquiry for fine fleece, principally to go East, but the market is inactive and prices the same, the sales being mostly in small lots, within the range of quotations, including 70,000 lbs Mestizo, on terms kept private.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2908 head. The prices ranged from $7,00 to 8,50 ₱ cwt. Sheep—2500 head were sold at from 8 to 9c ₱ lb. 1465 Hogs, in good condition, brought from 88 to 9 ₱ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 27.—FLOUR is heavy; 6500 bbls sold. Wheat has declined 1c; Milwaukie Club 134@135c; red Western 133½c; white 146@157c. Corn firm; 57,900 bus sold at 69@70c. Pork quiet; Mess $18,60@19; Prime $13,12@13,37. Lard dull. Whiskey firm at 21c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Salem, Illinois, on the 11th ultimo, Thos. Dabbendorf, of St. Clair county, Illinois, to Miss Alice Freeland, of Montgomery county, Missouri.

Oct. 24, 1860, by the Rev. Dr. Morton, John M. Thomas, to Adele, eldest daughter of Chas. Ingersoll, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, 23d ultimo, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, John Calhoun McNairy, of Aberdeen, Miss. to Elizabeth E. daughter of Chas. Oakford, Esq. At the same time, by the same, William H. Thomas, to Emily, daughter of Chas. Oakford, Esq. of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. Orrin W. Timmins, to Miss Anna H. Zierns, both of this city.

On the 25th of Sept. by the Rev. F. T. Calhoper, Mr. Jeremiah G. Snow, to Miss Mary A. McNicol, all of Camden, N. J.

On the 16th ultimo, by his Honor, the Mayor, George Wilson, to Catharine F. Betts, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On fourth-day morning, the 24th ultimo, Mary N. Smith, widow of the late Stephen W. Smith, of this city, in her 77th year.

On the morning of the 20th ultimo, Hetty Euston, in her 23d year.

On Saturday evening, the 20th ultimo, Sarah T. Lowber, daughter of Edward Lowber.

At Georgetown, D. C. on the 18th of Oct. Mrs. Rebecca P. Tillinghast, relict of the Hon. J. L. Tillinghast, of Providence, R. I.

At Connersville, Fayette county, Indiana, on the 18th ultimo, Col. Daniel Hankins, merchant, in his 65th year.

On the 21st ultimo, at College Green, Cecil co. Md. John S. Allison, aged 38 years.

On the 16th ultimo, in Lancaster county, Sophie, daughter of Chas. and Phebe Prichett, in her 18th year.

On the 22d ultimo, after a long and severe illness, Mary A. Stevenson, aged 51 years.

On the 23d ultimo, John Sutton, in his 36th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post. By Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 27, 1860.

Pennsylvania.		Mississippi.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis		All bks uncertain	
New Jersey.		Louisiana.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks 1 dis	
Delaware.		Ohio.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks 1 dis	
Maryland.		Kentucky.	
Baltimore par to ½ dis		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		Indiana.	
New York.		State Bank 1 dis	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Illinois.	
Maine.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Missouri.	
New Hampshire.		Solv bks 2 dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Tennessee.	
Vermont.		Old bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Michigan.	
Connecticut.		Solv bks 1¼ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Wisconsin.	
Massachusetts.		Solv bks 1½ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis		Texas.	
Rhode Island.		Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston — dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		Iowa.	
Virginia.		State bk 1¼ dis	
Solv bks ¾ dis		Kansas.	
Dist. of Columbia.		Kansas Valley bk 5 dis	
Solv bks ½ dis		Minnesota.	
North Carolina.		Bank St Paul 5 dis	
Solv bks 75 to 1½ dis		Canada.	
Georgia.		Solv bks 1 dis	
Solv bks 1 dis		Florida.	
South Carolina.		State bk 2 dis	
Solv bks 1 dis			
Alabama.			
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis			

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oct27-3m 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

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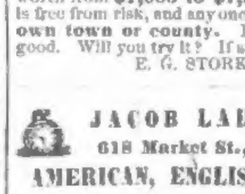

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New York,	Missouri,	Wisconsin,
New Jersey,	Ohio,	California,
Tennessee,	Indiana.	Iowa.

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American Institute, New York.	Kentucky Institute, Louisville.
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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

nov3-3t

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Editors and Proprietors,
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100,000 FOR 1861.

☞ ELEGANT PREMIUMS TO GETTERS-UP OF CLUBS. ☜

SEE BELOW.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1861.

VOLUMES XVII. AND XVIII.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Devoted to Social Literature, Art, Morals, Health, and Domestic Happiness.

So well known is the HOME MAGAZINE in all parts of the United States, and the Canadas, that we are scarcely required in the announcement for 1861, to speak of its peculiar characteristics. All that its name implies, the editors have sought to make it. The *reading quality* of the work has ever been the first consideration; and the publishers have noted, with pleasure, the unvarying testimony received, year after year, from thousands of sources, to its superiority in this respect.

Our purpose has been to give a magazine that should unite the attractions of *choice and elegant literature with high moral aims,* and teach useful lessons to men, women and children, in all degrees of life; a magazine that a husband might bring home to his wife, a brother to his sister, a father to his children, and feel absolutely certain that, in doing so, he placed in their hands only what could do them good.

Still more eminently will this feature of excellence, interest and usefulness in the reading matter of the Home Magazine be regarded in the future volumes. Our work is for homes; and we seek to make homes happier.

In the January number will be commenced a *new story,* entitled—

NOTHING BUT MONEY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Miss Townsend will continue to furnish, regularly, those charming stories and exquisite picture-sketches which have been the delight of so many readers. While

WRITERS OF THE F

Wit and Humor.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

Prominent among the usual editorial experiences, says an exchange paper, may be mentioned the reception—from countless young persons of rural extraction and lyrical tendencies—of pathetically-worded requests to "engage" the writers as contributors to our columns, at stated sums per year or per contribution. The oft-repeated assertion that our regular editorial staff is complete, seems to have no effect whatever on these irrepressible scribes. "The cry is, still they come!" and no sooner have we eternally crushed the hopes of one panting brigade, than another appears in the field, and utterly refuses to profit by the fate of its predecessors. It is our general practice to pay no attention whatever to a majority of the supplicants, since we cannot spare time to answer their eloquent letters, and are unwilling to make our columns the vehicle of personal communications; but on one, two, or three occasions, the unparalleled oddity or inimitable impudence of certain aspirants to "literary engagements" at our hands, has induced us to devote a moment of leisure to the irksome task of answering their communications in letter-shape. We have been imprudent enough to make this departure from a standard rule, in the case of an appeal bearing the unromantic name of "Stephen Stiggins," who had the temerity to send us a prodigiously long poem on "Washington." This work of high art was accompanied by the following letter:—"Sir—In obedience to the wishes of friends too numerous to mention, I have determined that my poem on Washington should appear in your columns, believing that you will at once recognize its superiority over all other cotemporaneous works of genius, and send me an appropriate testimonial, payable to order. The beautiful poem on Washington was written by me at the age of fourteen, when my soul was all purity, and my imagination of that ethereal description which recognizes beauties in a pig's face, and detects poetical images in a Speech from the Throne. Should you desire to publish my portrait, I will send you my daguerreotype by post." The very explicit tone of this note led us to believe that the writer must be very confident of his own merits, and we accordingly read about a couple of yards of his poem with the expectation of discovering some brilliant features in it. At length, we pitched upon the following verse as the best:—

"A three-cornered cap was on his head,
And his breeches were sewed with coarse black thread;
He rode on a horse that could trot like fun,
And his family name, it was Washington."

Our readers will not require to be informed that we felt ourselves compelled to decline the contribution of Mr. Stephen Stiggins.

WALKING A RAFT.

There was a fellow once stopped out of the dooor of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old-fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timbers which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he got started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river, it walked down, both travelling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near shore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed, and walked straight into the bar-room he'd come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steady in the face, and settled it in his own way:

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and corresponding circus bills, a mile from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said that it was just so.

"And, publican, have you among your dry-goods for the entertainment of a man and horse, any whiskey of the same size of that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, he had.

They took the drinks, when the stranger said, "Publican, that twin brother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria!"

"And what's that?" asked the todd-sticker.

"It's when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door, which he swore his life to was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now, I know my time, an' I'm just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for *that* than any man you ever *did* see. I always walk a mile exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been mor'n ten minutes coming here, steppin' over them blamed logs at that."

NATURAL WEAKNESS.—A "bumptious" traveller, overtaking an old Presbyterian minister, whose nag was much fatigued, quizzed the old gentleman upon his "turn out." A nice horse, yours, doctor! very—valuable beast that—but what makes him wag his tail so, doctor?" "Why, as you have asked me, I will tell you. It is for the same reason that your tongue wags so—a sort of natural weakness."

☞ "That's my *impression*," as the printer said to a pretty girl, when he kissed her. "And that's a *token* of my regard," replied the lady, boxing his ears.

STEAMBOAT DIALOGUE.

HOOSIER (*stepping up to a Down Easter*): How are ye, stranger? Bound to Noo 'Leans, 'spect? What mout be yer business? Want to buy some corn or oats?

Yankee: Tolerable, thank ye; how be yearself? Bound to no place in particular. In for any kind of trade.

Hoosier: What kind of trade hev ye?

Yankee: Wall, it 's a patent right.

Hoosier: Patent right for what?

Yankee: Patent right for a machine for making all kinds of seed out of wood, from shell-bark down to grass seed. Have also a patent right for the mirage life-preserver.

Hoosier: Meerage—what 's meerage?

Yankee: It 's a machine to be fixed on the front of a locomotive or steamboat, with reflectors of great power, to show the image of anything ahead, no matter how far it be off—anything under a hundred miles.

Hoosier: Don't say! And are yer the inventor?

Yankee: I be.

Hoosier: You 're a horse. What mout your name be?

Yankee: Coffin.

Hoosier: Heerd tell of your family. You are a relation of the man that invented wooden hams and plaster-paris shoe-nails. Had a brother once, hadn't you, that got accidentally choked with a rope round his neck?

Yankee: Knew the man—wasn't a brother—only a second cousin to my wife's sister's aunt's brother's cousin. But what might your name be?

Hoosier: It might be Smith, but it taint. Calculate it 's Caster.

Yankee: Knowed yer family well, from yer great grandfather down. You air one of two twins. One was a handsome, cute, bright-eyed little chap, and the other a tarnation ugly, born fool; and I heerd that the cute one died.

Here the dinner-bell rang.

GEORGE III. AND HANNAH LIGHTFOOT.—Dr. Doran, at the commencement of his life of Queen Charlotte, in his amusing "Lives of the Queens of England," refers to the story of George III.'s early marriage with Hannah Lightfoot, a Quakeress. As the story is there told, the marriage was celebrated in 1759, at the Curzon street Chapel, by the Rev. Alexander Keith, with George's brother, the Duke of York, as a witness; and it is stated that children were born of the marriage, and that after a time the Quakeress wife was got rid of "by espousing her to a gentle Strephon named Axford, who, for a pecuniary consideration, took Hannah to wife, and asked no impertinent questions." What truth is there in this story? If this marriage were really celebrated, would it not have been a valid marriage, being prior to the Royal Marriage Act? I have heard that a son born of this marriage was sent, while a child, to the Cape of Good Hope, with the name of George Rex. —*Notes and Queries.*

A PLEASANT ANECDOTE.—The only distinct personal anecdote recorded of William the Third in connection with Kensington, will remind the reader of similar paternal stories of Agesilaus and others. A tap was heard one day at the king's closet-door while his secretary was in attendance. "Who's there?" asked the king. "Lord Buck," answered the small voice of a child four years of age. It was Lord Buckhurst, son of his Majesty's lord high chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset. "And what does Lord Buck want?" returned William, opening the door. "You to be a horse to my coach," rejoined the little magnate, "I have wanted you a long time." William smiled upon his little friend with an amiableness which the Secretary had never before thought his countenance capable of expressing, and, taking the string of the toy in his hand, dragged it up and down the long gallery till his little playfellow expressed himself satisfied.

FLIRTATION.—I have always considered this word as of modern manufacture, from the verb active, to flirt; namely, to move rapidly to and fro, as a lady's fan. I have somewhere met with the following:—"The expressive word *starration* was first uttered by the Lord Advocate for Scotland (Dundas,) in recommending measures for subduing the revolted Americans; and the still more expressive word *flirtation* first dropped from the lips of the beautiful Lady Francis Shirley, the favorite of Lord Chesterfield." To "flirt a fan" was a common expression in the last age. Hence it came to be applied to the affected movements of the head, &c., employed by a lady who is desirous of "pleasing or attracting." The fan itself, if one be carried, is usually brought much into play on such occasions.—*Notes and Queries.*

THOMAS HOOD AND HIS WIFE.—I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you—and I have been a better, happier and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly; but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received—next, the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love—then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours—and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgement of her tenderness—worth—excellence—all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen.—*Memorials of Hood.*

POPULATION OF LONDON.—The census develops the curious fact that there are more Scotch descendants in London than in Edinburgh; more Irish than in Dublin; 100,000 more Romanists than in Rome; and more Jews than in Palestine. There are also in the same metropolis no less than 60,000 Germans, 30,000 French, and 6,000 Italians; a very large number of Asiatics, from all parts of the East, and many who still worship their idols.

BRINGING UP A BABY UPON A BOTTLE.

PRICE OF POLITICAL DISTINCTION.

James K. Paulding, the author, and once "Secretary of the Navy," wrote as follows of successful political life:—

"Such was the life I led year after year. By the time summer came I was completely run down, and it took me all the rest of the year to wind myself up again. If I went to the Springs, I was bored to death by prosing politicians, giving their advice on the conduct of public officers, or slyly insinuating claims to honor and place. If I visited a city where there was no such nuisance as a seat of government, for the purpose of relaxing a little in the midst of its gayeties, there, too, I was beset by wise men and wise women, talking nothing but eternal politics, and reminding me that at such a time they had made application for such a berth, for sons, nephews, and second cousins. If I returned to my poor little farm, there it was ten times worse; every soul, far and near, came to ask for something, for they had all assisted in my elevation; and, like poor Actæon, I was in danger of being torn to pieces by my own hounds. I was obliged to bow and smile, and play the courtier, while my very soul was fretting itself to shreds and tatters; for it is among the horrors of greatness, in a free country at least, that it must be bought and maintained at the awful, incalculable price of being civil to all mankind."

WOMAN'S HOPES.—In early youth, perhaps they said to themselves, "I shall be happy when I have a husband to love me best of all;" then, when the husband is too careless, "My child will comfort me;" then, through the mother's watching and toil, my child will repay me when he grows up." And at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily travelled through, the mother's heart is often weighed down by a heavier burden, and no hope remains but the grave.

Agricultural.

THE USE OF RAWHIDE.

How few persons know the value of rawhide. It seems almost strange to see them sell all of their "deacon" skins for the small sum of thirty or forty cents. Take a strip of well-tanned rawhide an inch wide, and a horse can hardly break it by pulling back—two of them he cannot break any way.

Cut into narrow strips and shave the hair off with a sharp knife, to use for bag strings; the strings will outlast two sets of bags. Farmers know how perplexing it is to lend bags and have them returned minus strings.

It will out-last hoop iron (common) in any shape, and is stronger. It is good to wrap around a broken thill—better than iron.

Two sets of rawhide halters will last a man's life-time—(if he don't live too long.)

In some places the Spaniards use rawhide log-chains to work cattle with, cut into narrow strips and twisted together hawser fashion. It can be tanned so it will be soft and pliable like harness leather. Save a cow and "deacon's pelt" and try it.—WILLIAM RHODES, *in Country Gentleman.*

LIFE OF SEEDS.

The story of wheat raised from seed found in an Egyptian mummy, and some others of a rather dubious character have been adduced in evidence of the great vitality and longevity of seeds; but the British Scientific Association throw discredit on these assertions. They have, for the past fifteen years, been instituting inquires and making experiments, through a committee of its members, with various kinds of seeds, of various ages. Their labors tend to show that none of the seeds which were tested, although placed in the most favorable circumstances that could be devised, vegetated after the age of forty years; and only twenty out of two hundred and eighty-eight species did so, after twenty years, while by far the largest number lost their germinating powers in ten years.

PRUNING GRAPES.—Hovey's Magazine gives substantially the following general rules for grape pruning, after recommending grape growers to be free in the use of the knife, followed by the remark that where one vine is pruned too severely, nine are not pruned enough. No shoots should be nearer than one foot of each other. Prune back to within one eye of the old wood, every fall and spring, about one-half of the annual shoots—the remaining eyes producing canes to be retained for bearing next year—when the old bearing wood is in turn to be cut out, to make room for new shoots. Disbud or rub off, as soon as they appear, all shoots not wanted as bearing wood.

SHINGLING.

A correspondent asks: "What will make shingles last longer?" Twenty-three years ago I found I had quite a lot of refuse shingles on hand, both sappy and shakey, and I laid them on the back kitchen and woodshed.

I have just examined them, and think they will last at least seven years longer. The building has not leaked, to my knowledge.

I soaked these shingles in a very thin whitewash made with brine instead of clear water. There has been nothing done to them since, although I have no doubt that to have whitewashed, or served a coat of dry-slaked lime or fine salt once in two or three years on them, would have been of great advantage to them.

As I shingle differently from almost any one else, I will give you my method, and my reasons for it.

However wide the shingles may be, I do not allow the nails to be put more than two inches apart.

Reason.—If your shingles are wet or green, and the wide ones are nailed at the edges, the shingles must split, or one of the nails must draw when the shingle shrinks. If the shingle is dry it must buff or crowd the nail out when it swells. Thus your nails are kept in constant motion by every shrink or swell of the shingle, till they are broken, pulled out, or the shingle is split.

I do not want the nails drove quite in, or so as to sink the head.

Reason.—The heads of the nails hold up the butts of the next row of shingles, and give the air a free circulation.

I lay all my shingles in whitewash. I prefer brine for making it. I line with red chalk. I then whitewash the last course laid down to the line, and after the building is shingled I whitewash the whole of the roof.

Reason.—To make the shingle last twice as long as they would without the whitewash, and I consider it much better than just whitewashing the roof after shingling.

Carpenters often object to shingling in this way, as it is rather dirty work, and declare they know it does not do any good—that it is just as good to whitewash after shingling, &c.

A common practice of the above suggestions would probably save thousands of dollars in time, lumber and nails, annually.—*New England Farmer.*

BEES AND CATS.

From experiments which I have tried, I have found that the visits of humble bees, if not indispensable, are at least beneficial to the fertilization of our clover, (*Trifolium pratense,*) as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence I have very little doubt that if the whole genus of humble bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heart-ease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble bees in any district depends in a great degree upon the number of field mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble bees, believe "that more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence it is quite creditable that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district.—*Darwin.*

CONSTRUCTION OF CIDER FILTERS.—Take a square or round wooden box made of one-inch pine plank, well braced, three feet in diameter and one foot four inches deep. Make it with a bottom perforated with numerous one-quarter-inch auger holes, over which should be laid coarse hemp bagging. Now fill in the box for eight inches, with pieces of charcoal (animal charcoal is the best, but it is expensive,) about nut size, and on the top of this place a four-inch layer of clean washed sand, and cover all with a coarse hemp bagging, and you have a cheap and good filter. Any number of such filters may be used, according to the quantity of cider to be operated upon, and the top cloth can be frequently washed, without disturbing the sand and charcoal. Before running any cider through, pass a stream of clear water into the filter for fifteen minutes, so as to remove any fine loose particles of the charcoal that otherwise would be mixed with the cider.—*Scientific American.*

SIZE AND POWER.—It is admitted, then, by phrenologists as well as by others, that the nerve substance, besides varying in quantity, may differ in quality in different individuals, it being found that two brains of nearly equal size manifest very unequal power. There is nothing improbable in this, looking at the analogy of the other organs. We sometimes find a man of small muscle much stronger and more enduring than one of larger make. Some of the most muscular men on record were little in their general build. Jack Sheppard is an example. Of course, the general rule must be that the highest vigor is a result of quantity and quality combined; but as to nerve, there are instances of very small heads surpassing in power the average size. And, to refer to the lower animals, when we look at the mental development of the ants, their aptitude for a complicated social existence, and consider how very little nervous matter there is in their organization, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the quality of their brains, or ganglia, is very much superior to the nervous substance in man or in animals generally. The largest ganglion in the ant is only a fraction of a pin's head in size, and yet with this they are capable of acting in an organized community, and exercising forethought to a surprising degree.—*Phrenology and Psychology.*

THE ORDEAL OF WATER.—The ordeal of fire and water was frequently resorted to by the Ameers in the absence of direct proof. In the latter ordeal the accused was lowered into a well, placing his head under water; at the very moment, a strong man shot an arrow as far as it would go, and another ran to pick it up. If the accused could remain under water till the arrow was brought back, which was signalised by the shaking of a rope, he was declared innocent; but if he raised his head a moment before that, he was pronounced guilty.—"*Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Moorad.*" *By Edward Archer Langley.*

Useful Receipts.

TO STOP LEAKAGE IN HOT-WATER PIPES.—Get some iron borings or filings, and mix them with vinegar, forming it into a salve; with this fill up the cracks where the leaking is; and if the pipe has been previously dried, and is kept dry until this has become quite hard, it will never fail to effectually stop the leakage, and will stand for a length of time. If an iron pipe should burst, or there should be a hole broke into it by accident, a piece of iron may be securely fastened over it, by bedding it on, in a salve made with iron borings and vinegar; but the pipe should not be used until it has become perfectly firm.

TO IMPROVE CIDER AND KEEP IT SWEET.—Let the new cider from sour apples, (sound and select fruit is to be preferred,) ferment from one to three weeks, as the weather is warm or cool. When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon, according to its acidity, from half a pound to two pounds of white crushed sugar, and let the whole ferment until it possesses precisely the taste which it is desired should be permanent. In this condition, pour out a quart of the cider, and add for each gallon one quarter of an ounce of sulphite of lime, known as an article of manufacture under the name of "anti-chloride of lime." Stir the powder and cider until intimately mixed, and return the emulsion to the fermenting liquid. Agitate briskly and thoroughly for a few moments, and then let the cider settle. The fermentation will cease at once. When, after a few days, the cider has become clear, draw off and bottle carefully, or remove the sediment and return to the original vessel. If loosely corked, or kept in a barrel on draught, it will retain its taste as a still cider. If preserved in bottles, carefully corked, which is better, it will become a sparkling cider, and may be kept indefinitely long.

INDIA RUBBER WATERPROOF VARNISH.—A writer in the Scientific American says:

"I have used a solution of India rubber and turpentine for about twenty years, as a waterproof varnish for my boots and shoes. I make the application before blacking is put on, or else remove the blacking by water. When the leatheir is moist I take the solution of India rubber and apply it with a rag, taking care to rub it in; then I put the boot in a moderately warm place until the whole is absorbed. The process is repeated twice, or until the pores of the leather are filled, when the surplus is wiped off. In a few days afterwards blacking may be put on, and the leather will polish well. By this method of treating my boots I make them not only water-tight, but also much more durable, and the leather is always kept soft and pliable. I treat every pair of new boots in the manner described, and effect a considerable annual saving thereby."

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Pare, core, and quarter 8 apples; take 1-2 tablespoonful tapioca which has been soaked all night in water. Put in 1-2 teacup of white sugar, and flour. Put this tapioca, so mixed, in a stewpan and let it simmer 10 minutes. Then put in the apples and simmer 10 minutes more. When cold, there will be a jelly round the apples.

LEMON PUDDINGS.—6 oz. butter, 6 oz. sugar, 1 lemon, 1 glass rose water, 4 eggs. Beat butter and sugar to a cream; grate in *rind* of lemon, and *squeeze* in the juice; add rose water, and beat all up; eggs last.

ORANGE PUDDING is made just as above, using orange instead of lemon. This makes 2 puddings.

A. S. S.'s PUDDING.—Make (in a milk boiler,) a custard of 1 qt. milk and the yolks of 3 eggs; 1 tablespoonful of rice or wheat flour; let it cool. Beat up the whites very stiff; have ready some boiling water, put the beaten egg upon it, in a broad stewpan, let it harden, then transfer it to the dish of custard, and serve.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 18, 7, 11, was the god of shepherds.
My 5, 4, 3, 11, 1, 2, was a surname of Hercules.
My 24, 6, 17, 8, 25, was an isle in the Mediterranean.
My 17, 20, 19, 23, was a Prince of Troy.
My 9, 16, 7, 4, 14, 23, was a mountain on the isle of Cyprus sacred to Venus.
My 23, 22, 24, 8, 5, 6, was a wine drank only by the gods.
My 21, 14, 5, 15, 5, was the goddess of the chase.
My 8, 6, 14, 8, 10, 23, was the son of Neptune and Amphitrite.
My 3, 5, 6, 2, 21, was the ferryman of the river Styx.
My 14, 20, 13, 17, 6, 11, 5, 4, was one of the three ranks into which the Grecians divided their gods.

My whole was the greatest event in the history of the United States. H. B. COHENN.

Philadelphia.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 16, 7, 17, 3, 10, 23, 14, once defied Israel.
My 9, 7, 6, 24, 6, was one of the leaders of the children of Israel.
My 16, 3, 14, 7, 8, was a river in the garden of Eden.
My 1, 8, 19, 25, 12, 2, was an apostle of Christ.
My 16, 5, 8, 12, 3, 17, 24, 4, were a sect of people in Christ's time.
My 4, 10, 23, 15, 8, was and is a wicked person.
My 14, 12, 25, 7, 10, was a wicked king.
My 11, 7, 25, 21, 23, 8, was swallowed up in the earth.
My 20, 10, 17, 17, was what Adam did.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon, and a wise saying. Z. FISHER.

Cadiz, Ohio.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 4, 17, was turned, by Jupiter, into a cow, and was worshipped by the Egyptians under the name of Isis.
My 16, 13, 12, 11, was the goddess of youth.
My 21, 11, 15, 10, was the mother of rivers.
My 5, 23, 12, 13, 3, 11, was the wife of Saturn.
My 17, 5, 22, 19, 9, 13, was one of the three Harpies.
My 1, 11, 18, 13, 3, 17, 1, 19, was the wife of Ulysses.
My 11, 5, 16, 2, was the daughter of Aer, who pined away through love for Narcissus.
My 12, 6, 13, 3, 7, 14, was the daughter of Miletus, who, through love for her brother, wept herself into a fountain.
My 1, 16, 4, 3, 17, 5, 21, 13, 15, 11, 20, was one of the Argonauts.

My whole is a new version of an old proverb. A. M. B.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 7, 4, 5, 1, is to be in need of.
My 9, 3, 6, 1, is what we all enjoy.
My 2, 8, 5, is a domestic fowl.

My whole will solve the above.

Pittsburg.

CHARADE.

My first is a very warlike place,
Where drums and trumpets sound;
My second's heard in every town,
Where peace and concord should be found.
My whole is the name of a gallant man,
Son of a well-known Highland clan.
H. L. G. D.

RIDDLE.

What word is composed of three letters alone,
Reads backward and forward the same:
Without speech it can make all its sentiments known,
And to beauty lays principal claim?

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Something used in spinning.
Law.
To kindle.
A gust of wind.
To give up.
The initials form a flower, the finals where it grows. M. A. H.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The abscissa and double ordinate of a common parabola measure—16 and 24 feet. Required—the dimensions of the greatest square that can be inscribed in it?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A merchant bought several bales of velvet, each containing 129 17-37 yards, at the rate of $7 for 5 yards, and sold them at $11 for 7 yards, gaining $200 on them; how many bales were there? "ADAMS."

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? Ans.—When he becomes sage.

☞ When are soldiers good flannel? Ans.—When they don't shrink.

☞ Why is a lover like a knocker? Ans.—Because he is bound to adore (a door.)

☞ Can you spell brandy with three letters in English or French? Ans.—B. R. and Y. O. D. V.

☞ Why is a roguish lawyer like a man who cannot sleep? Ans.—He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is wide awake all the time.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Labor omnia vincit." Labor conquers all things. CHARADE—Sabbath—Night—Tea. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Alatamaha, in Georgia.

☞ One halfpenny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."